THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SENATE AND PUBLIC WELFARE

DISCUSSION of the right of Colonel Frank Smith to the seat in the United States Senate to which he was elected by the voters of the state of Illinois, has ranged from denunciation of the direct primary to demand for further curtailment and stricter regulation of campaign contributions. From the welter of words in which eminent editors, distinguished jurists and prominent educators have at times made confusion worse confounded, emerge two opposing points of view in regard to the main issue. One envisages the duty of the Senate as clear: it must refuse to seat Colonel Smith because public opinion throughout the nation rejects the thought of recognizing as a senator one who, while chairman of a state public-utilities commission accepted contributions to his campaign fund of some $300,000 from public-utilities interests; the other discloses the state as sovereign and the consequent obligation of the Senate to seat the candidate elected by the people of Illinois, since that state has no statute restricting the amount which any candidate may spend, nor any law requiring a statement of expenditures by a candidate or his committee.

It must be confessed that the proponents of this latter point of view—some of whom have little admiration for Colonel Smith and still less for his methods—make out a strong case. For example, James M. Beck, former Solicitor-General and close student of the Constitution, discussing the power of the Senate to pass on the "qualifications" of its members, says:

"As to this, there can be only two views, and no middle ground is possible. Either the word "qualifications" means the legal qualifications, which are carefully prescribed in the Constitution, or it means the intellectual and moral qualifications of a senator-elect to sit in the Senate.

"If the latter view be accepted—and none would have more surprised the framers of the Constitution—then the states only preliminarily determine the intellectual and moral qualifications of a senator and the Senate finally decides the question. If so, the Senate has unlimited power to determine its own membership. It is virtually a social club and could potentially be a self-perpetuating body. As, on that theory, its decision could not be questioned by the judiciary, it could reject a senator for any reason whatever. Who can tell what waves of class or political feeling may hereafter arise in the turbid stream of American political life? Senator Smoot's seat was unsuccessfully contested on the ground that the obligations of his religion were inconsistent with good citizenship. Might not a Prot-

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estant majority of the Senate exclude a Catholic on the same theory? Or might not a Senate of fundamentalists exclude a senator on the grounds of his heterodoxy, as the English Parliament tried to expel Bradlaugh because he was an atheist? Might not a majority of the Senate, if they were fanatical "drys," say that any senator who did not believe in the Eighteenth Amendment or who questioned the necessity of the drastic requirements of the Volstead law, was so hostile to the amended Constitution of the United States as to make him unfit to be a senator? Suppose that the Senate were dominated by radicals—might they not hold that any senator-elect who had been the president of a business corporation, or a banker, or a railroad president, was by reason of his economic ties, quite unfit to be a senator?"

Such speculations are interesting but far from conclusive. There was a fight on the seating of Senator Smoot, and, as Mr. Beck points out, the senator-elect from Utah was seated. There was no attempt by the British Parliament to expel Charles Bradlaugh because he was an atheist. He was not given his seat as the member from Northampton because at first he refused to obey a rule of the House which required him to take an oath, whereas he desired to make an affirmation. When, after reëlection, he presented himself and took the oath, he was immediately seated, although he was then as outspoken an atheist as he had been when he first appeared on the floor of the House. But admitting the contention of the former Solicitor-General that the Constitution formed the Senate as the peculiar representative of the states as political entities and that all that body can do in disputes such as the one under discussion is to judge whether a senator-elect is truly the choice of the state which elected him and meets the constitutional requirements as to age and place of residence, it is possible that there is another aspect of this whole question worthy of consideration and one which makes the matter of public opinion throughout the nation not only pertinent but impressively practical. It is this: If an individual is elected to the Senate from any state, for what purpose is he elected? It will scarcely be contended that he is chosen to advance wholly and solely the interests of his particular state. That would be against the whole purpose of the preamble of the Constitution under the authority of which the election was held. He is elected to do his part in establishing justice and promoting the general welfare. In other words, he is a lawmaker for the nation as a whole and not for any restricted section of it. The statesmen of bygone generations realized this obligation very keenly; on occasions when their sense of responsibility to the country brought them into conflict with the popular sentiment of their respective states, they voted as members of a national assembly and faced the storm aroused at home with consciousness of duty done.

If conditions have changed in recent years, if the distribution of local patronage has become to many of more importance than the promotion of the general welfare, or, on the other hand, if threats to withhold patronage have been used to sway senators from doing their part in establishing justice for all citizens in all parts of the country, one may well ask whether an indication of willingness to serve the interests of small and powerful groups within a state at the expense of the taxpayers of the whole state should not be considered in discussing the qualifications of such a man to serve the country as a whole, even if such indication has apparently been condoned by the voters of that state. Nay, the very fact of such condonation may make such a man all the more obnoxious and more potentially dangerous in the opinion of citizens of other states who are fighting to restrict the privileges of special interests within their own borders and see in the seating of such a man by the Senate a challenge to the forces of reform.

After all, it is rather late in the day in this country to assert that state rights are superior to public opinion in the nation. Certainly, it is altogether too late for the Republican party to accept any such assertion without protest. And public opinion throughout the United States, having in mind the fact that the Congress legislates for the whole country, and not for individual states, which have legislatures to enact laws regulating purely domestic affairs, does not look with favor on the seating of a senator-elect who does not deny that while the head of a state public-utilities commission, he accepted some $300,000 from the public-utilities interests to use in the campaign which resulted in his election.

Now while the definers of the technicalities may appear to have somewhat the better of the nation-wide discussion over the seating of Colonel Smith, there is one fact about the situation which has arisen which is as strikingly significant as it is eminently satisfactory. Political leaders and senators generally on both sides of the chamber show singular unreadiness to seek refuge in the technicalities elaborated for their benefit. Here are the Republican members of the Senate in such straits that in order to ensure a bare majority of two, they must court the favor of Hendrik Shipstead, the Farmer-Labor member from Minnesota; here are the Democratic members of that august body urged by such an influential party organ as the New York World to seat the man who defeated George Brennan because of his "rights"—and both seem determined, whatever the outcome, to give the whole matter a thorough airing. For the question of the qualifications of senators has gone far beyond the confines of parties.

Even the most practical of politicians pay tribute, willingly or unwillingly, to the public opinion of the nation when it makes itself heard on an issue such as has been raised by the state endorsement of the senator-elect from Illinois.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE rifles commanded by Admiral Latimer in Nicaragua could, by firing a few effective volleys, restore order in a country which is still suffering from old-fashioned revolutionary convulsions. American military dictatorship might send three dozen restless "statesmen"—every reformer south of the Rio Grande is a statesman—scurrying, and give the rest of the population a chance to develop industrial and agricultural resources out of which community prosperity might bloom. But, of course, no such dictatorship is possible, or ethically desirable. Instead, we shall perforce gaze upon a rather dubious gesture of "protective intervention," the beneficiary of which is a little official who has lost out in the desperate game of Nicaraguan politics, and who will shrivel from sight the moment he is left alone. Finally, it will become apparent that the same old gusts of intrigue and sham political science still whizz round Managua, and there will be tribulation among the righteous. Meanwhile, 51 percent of Nicaraguan banking capital is held by New York interests; the financial difficulties of the government are still, as in the past, relieved by United States loans, repayment of which is made possible through a joint supervision of customs; and a heterogeneous population of Indians, Negroes, and mestizos can think of nothing more salutary than a new election. It is a beautiful arrangement! Caught between the desire to get out altogether and the attempt to protect both American capital and the peace, the Washington government continues to look like a solitary constable on a frenzied college campus.

THE situation is complicated by the usual attitude of Latin-American opinion. This resents the supremacy of the dollar; it has often been offended by the rather high-handed cupidity of United States representatives. Fear of Yankee dominion is always a big drawing-card when there is question of starting an attractive little junta. And what is the lesson? If situations like the disturbance now manifest in Nicaragua existed in Europe, they would be turned over to the League of Nations. A settlement might be effected, or a mandate might be established. In any case, the inglorious muddle would be talked about until it disappeared. In the enlightened western hemisphere no such solution is possible. There is no coordination of interests. There is no machinery of government suited to the ugly tangles which, though probably not in the least Russian in origin, ape the mongrel liberalism out of which Sovietism came. We shall await with interest the address of that statesman who first declares that the time is ripe for an American association of nations—and for the ending of a condition which, while making the United States responsible for the maintenance of order, showers it with temptations and accusations relative to a very dangerous imperialism.

REPRESENTATIVE A. P. ANDREW, of Massachusetts, has introduced in the House a joint resolution providing for the publication of the official records of the world war, in a manner similar to the publication of the Civil War records. Such records as are available, he points out, were prepared eight or more years ago, on cheap pulp paper, and in spite of the care shown by their custodians, are subject to mutilation, deterioration from exposure and handling, and the ravages of time. "Not only ought these records to be preserved for posterity," he says, "but they ought to be available to historians and students who were participants in, or contemporaries of, the war. No authoritative study, either of American participation as a whole, or any phase of it, can be made without access to these records; and although the authorities in Washington are willing to give such assistance as is permissible to historical writers, the opportunities of referring to the documents are inevitably limited to such as have been inventoried and indexed." The proposal made by Representative Andrew will be endorsed by every loyal American. The necessity of such a complete record in so far as Catholic soldiers and sailors are concerned, was long since recognized by the hierarchy of the United States, which several years ago established a bureau of historical records as part of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Excellent work has been done by this bureau, which already is able to furnish the record of every man who served in the great conflict from several dioceses. In view of the proposal of the congressman from

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Massachusetts, it is of the utmost importance that every parish in the country should aid in a work which has been undertaken to show that Catholics did as much, if not more, proportionately, than any other denomination when the call of service for country was sounded in an hour of great need.

THE second meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, recently attended by delegations from forty educational institutions, is one hopeful sign of the vitality of scholastic doctrine. Several papers dealt earnestly with important themes, linking the problems of the present with the solutions propounded by tradition. Contemporary conceptions of religion, ethics, and realism were outlined and examined in a manner which proved that their authors had taken the trouble to inform themselves thoroughly of what is going on in the world outside. A similar studiousness and vitality is evidenced by the initial number of the New Scholasticism, a quarterly publication which to some extent reflects the interests of the association. The articles are signed by distinguished names, and at least one of them (Dr. Gilson's account of the rôle of philosophy in history) is memorable. If we are not mistaken, this journal will have a brilliant future. The number of those who now reckon with scholasticism as one of the "vigorous" systems of thought, is constantly growing. One must hope, of course, that coming numbers of the periodical will modify a little the emphasis upon ethics which seems to be all-pervading just now. It would be regrettable if a splendid opportunity were missed to discuss some of those psychological problems which are so engrossing to present-day students.

WHOEVER is responsible for keeping the press and people of this country informed upon the peripatetics of the League of Nations, either missed a golden opportunity a few weeks ago, or decided that silence was more golden still. It will be recalled by the most casual memory that, at the Peace of Versailles, certain tracts of territory, large and small, late the property of the defeated nations, were allotted to those among the victors whose appetite for territory was unimpaired, and prominent among these, as might be expected, was Great Britain. Self-determination being in the air, however, and a temporary disrepute having fallen upon land-grabbing too crudely evinced, the happy phrase "mandate" was invented to cover the operation. A Permanent Mandates Commission was created, which no doubt really intended to look after the interests of the populations who had been mandated without their permission being asked; though just what functions would be left to this commission as time rolled on was the subject, at the time, of a good deal of cynical conjecture. This cynicism (as too often happens) seems to be justified in an amazing document issued by the secretariat of the League in the middle of last month, and made public through the industry of the Manchester Guardian. It records the views of Great Britain and her now autonomous colonies upon any interference with the administration of their mandated territories, in language that offers no excuse for misinterpretation.

"THE theory that petitioners should have a means of making their grievances known is perfectly correct," but the commission's suggestion that a hearing should be given to the petitioners is, they submit, an incorrect and dangerous application of the theory. "The view of His Majesty's government is that there are the gravest objections to the grant of any form of audience by an advisory commission of the League to petitioners who either are themselves inhabitants of a territory administered by His Majesty's government under mandate, or are petitioners on behalf of inhabitants of such territories." The manifold questions, apparently arising from the objectionable petitions, to which the ingenuous commission thought they might expect an answer from the group of British mandatories, totaled 230. In view of the fact that this is merely one year's harvest, no very high average of contentment seems to be indicated on the part of the populations which were, in naked language, handed over as spoils of war, no matter how disguised by clever phrases the process was made.

CURIOUSLY enough, New York is witnessing the largest offering of French drama in its history at the very moment when critics are almost unanimous in declaring the Paris theatre woefully anaemic. Two famous actors, and a scarcely less famous opera company, have been bidding for the favor of the American public, with considerable success. Apart from citizens anxious to improve a diction the origins of which are academic, the audiences in attendance are critically interested in the French manner. This the visitors display with great éclat. Most of us will agree that light opera, as the Paris company interprets it, is a much more intelligent, airy and graceful matter than we have been accustomed to think. These pretty Gallic artificialities are considerably more entrancing—and after all, quite as necessary—as the heavyish humors and ghastly seriousness of so much contemporary Anglo-Saxon produce. But the drama? Mme. Sorel, during her brief engagement, carefully avoided illustrating the contemporary dramatists. Her repertory the world had learned by heart a long time since. Its poverty of ideas was evident; and her emphasis upon it was, perhaps, a sad commentary upon the sterility of the boards as they now are. Sacha Guitry is more venturesome, but still keeps close to the boulevards. Though in externals he can be termed reminiscent of Molière, the opportunity for comparison stops with that. His work has no genuine originality, no poetry, and—very nearly—no real charm. At best, it could be

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approved of only as the index finger pointing to the arrival of Paul Claudel, whose great plays few people, either in France or America, care to witness. Thus there is revealed that poverty of the theatre which seems almost universal, and which is largely due to the fact that the public itself is poverty-stricken, both spiritually and mentally.

UNDER the title, Relation of the State to Religious Education in Massachusetts, a careful study of an important and daily more pressing problem in a commonwealth which has been a pioneer in educational progress has been made by Sherman M. Smith, associate professor of history in Colgate University. The problem itself is defined excellently in two sentences of Dr. Smith's preface: "A cosmopolitan people of many shades of religious belief cannot practically agree on the teaching of one religious faith by the authority of the state. Nor can the state monopolize the schools and exclude all religion from them without trampling on the rights of minorities to its own detriment." Using as a type a state in which progress in educational methods has been made with recognition of inherited religious affiliation and for the benefit of a population for many years distinctly cosmopolitan, the author traces this progress from its early European backgrounds to the present, making clear the current attitude of religious groups in Massachusetts on church and state coöperation. The work is painstaking and thorough; the bibliography of sources filling seventeen closely printed pages. It is informed by a spirit of fairness which is admirable, and contributes to the value of the book as a standard reference volume for all interested in the subject of religious education as a basis for the better and fuller civic life of which America is in dire need.

HUGE flagons of critical shandygaff are on display in so many places that it is scarcely worth while to stop and wrangle about a single instance. But there is something so curious and instructive in the spectacle of Mr. Cuthbert Wright reviewing a book by Mr. Chesterton for the New York Sun, that one can hardly restrain a wondering look. Mr. Wright, it will be remembered, is the author of a promising if anaemic pamphlet dealing with the Catholic Church. The same tendency to generalize hastily and with unfortunate crudity, while professing (and making no bones at all about it) to be "thinking" on a lofty level, characterizes both book and review. Now we grant that any man who feels that Mr. Chesterton adopted the worst mannerisms of "Macaulay," that he writes "a sort of bilge," and that he is "still the man of camps and special causes," has a perfect right to his opinion. To some extent, of course, he necessarily defines himself in holding it. Bitterness is always ultimately bile. The admirer of the Chestertonian style has never applauded the mannerisms, and need not usually be told that a great deal of the alliteration is out of place. What he really does marvel at is the gift of metaphor which illuminates. It is not quite the same thing as the analogies of mystical poetry, but it comes a good deal nearer being the same thing than is usual these days. But if Mr. Wright is merely myopic here, he is wholly blind when he deals with conversion. It isn't that he cannot see; it is simply that he does not even look. Rather characteristically he puts the works of Coulton between himself and the shrine at which the convert kneels. Such an action is understandable even if not very convincing. It is really terribly traditional and banal. Years ago, the works were those of Voltaire. Later they were various things more or less hazily connected with Renan. The point is, there is always one handy. But to return for the nonce to Mr. Wright's yawl at Chestertonianism, the matter can be accounted for very simply: the meaning of Mr. Chesterton is that he grew out of and taller than the 1890's: the significant thing about Mr. Wright is that he still dwells in them.

THOUGH the endorsement of football by the academic mind, as reported in the publications of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, was by no means universal, the game seems to have survived rather well a great deal of severe scrutiny. College presidents are always characterized by optimism, and so their pronouncements on such matters as player subsidies ought properly to be taken with the usual seasoning. But the rest of the faculty discovered really excellent reasons why the game ought to survive, and stated these reasons convincingly. It is, as somebody remarked, salutary that emotions should be kindled by something; and since football is about the only spark left, is deserves recognition and conservation. Perhaps the average undergraduate body of today would sleep even more soundly, and do even less work, if it were not for the pulmotor stimulus of gridiron frenzy. As for the more irregular aspects of the sport, a review of what has been accomplished during the past decade to control them, is a fine tribute to campus opinion. Not so many years ago, a good athlete played four or five years of his favorite game; he went to class when he felt like it; and he was so obviously the recipe which had produced alma mater's greatness, that you couldn't, in all decency, refuse to give him a share of the gross profits. At present, the college athlete is generally a satisfactory student; and often, at least, not a drain upon the tightly cramped academic income.

WHAT seems to have become far more alarming, is the growing sentimental influence of football upon the public, inside and out of college. If one is to judge by a recent film, the manufacture of which was aided by a famous "mentor," grim-looking backs and tackles inoculate themselves and others with a most alarming sugariness of mentality. The hero possesses a father

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who has tramped up and down the good old college paths for twenty-seven years, in fulfilment of a promise made to the wife of his youth (since dead) that he would abide in the dear old school until it had defeated its bitterest rival; he has the most charming ignorance of gridiron tactics, but develops into a scintillant star instantly; and he meets a lovely young lady whose ability to inspire and depress is reminiscent of Cleopatra's powers, though not of her sins. It is not worth while going further into this most affecting but altogether triumphant romance. What would be worth examining, however, is the rapt seriousness with which audiences galore gaze deep into this alluring concoction. Most of the literary text-books—some of which are occasionally read in college—report that a wave of distorted romance-writing swept over the world during the era of chivalry's decline. But apparently the whole lumbering wave could not, as the saying goes, hold a candle to what is being dreamed of about boys in 'varsity sweaters and their delightful darlings. When you come down to it, the well-known Don and his Dulcinea have been rather hopelessly outclassed—in an age that is usually identified with prose.

A CORRESPONDENT, in the London Spectator, outlines the pitiable old age of Professor Pagenstecher, a famous German oculist whose skill was placed at the service of many prominent English people, including Queen Victoria. "He is one," declares the correspondent, "of the many innocent sufferers through our government's having seized the property in this country of Germans, whose own government (though it agreed to compensate all its citizens whose goods had been seized abroad as alien property) is not in a position to give them adequate compensation. At present, only about two and one-half percent of the amount of the claims is being paid. Anyhow, what property the famous oculist held in Germany had almost vanished with the collapse of the mark, and he was counting on his old age being eased a little by what he possessed elsewhere. He now finds that he has been deprived of practically all of this because it was invested in England—a country many of whose citizens and several of whose statesmen were treated by him. Though eighty-two, he still operates and was able recently to save the sight of a man only four years his junior. He commented: 'It is always a satisfaction if, in one's old age, one can still be of use to fellowmen.'" The correspondent added that a subscription was being taken up on behalf of the professor. And what did the Spectator venture to say by way of comment? Simply this: "We publish this letter because many British people have feelings of gratitude and admiration for Dr. Pagenstecher; but it must not be thought that we endorse any strictures upon His Majesty's government . . . which may be expressed or implied." And to comment on that, in turn, would be to spoil its inimitable effect!

THE moral superiority of married men has not always received due recognition at the hands of poets and philosophers. Plato, in particular, practically excluded from the profession of wisdom all those who had succumbed to the lure of heading a family. It remained for modern ethical statistics, compiled in the most approved form, to call attention to a very significant fact. What is so alarming and so engrossing in our time as crime? The question can be asked without fear of negative response even in a region so tranquil as Staten Island. And there, during the past year, offenses committed by bachelors outnumbered by more than two to one, the misdemeanors of which married men—and widowers—proved guilty. Small wonder that the authorities have begun to ponder the situation. One might recommend to them the recent legislation propounded by Il Duce, imposing a tax upon the single and carefree. Perhaps—who knows?—the motive for this decree was not to awaken the slumbering from their lethargy, but indeed to safeguard Italy against the surge of criminality which has all but deluged Staten Island. At any rate, the point is serious enough to merit the consideration of a certain eminent authority who recently predicted the downfall of society unless energetic steps were taken to prevent "marriage of the unfit." It would be a sorry state of affairs if the theory so wisely propounded by Mussolini should clash squarely with another actually advocating single blessedness, and therefore encouraging the hardened to persist in their lawless tendencies. But after all, the truth of the matter may lie in a decent community respect for individual freedom. It may be that this was what Plato's emphasis upon wisdom meant to imply.

BIRTH AND BREEDING

THE complete upset of several notions of human nature which seemed scientific a few years ago is a curious contemporary fact. Physiology used to laugh at popular talk about "types," or what an older poet like Chaucer used to call "humors," and tried to find a decidedly different explanation for problems like immunity. On the other hand, sociologists were convinced that the mental and moral structure of the individual was largely an inheritance, which might be exploited by "careful breeding" to the advantage of the race. A proper use of matrimonial selection would, it was thought, develop nobler mental "types." In short, it was physiology which accepted inconstancy, and sociology which held to constancy. Today the first has apparently gone back to the doctrine that there is definitely something like a "constitution," which may guarantee immunity from specific diseases or reveal a disposition to succumb. A leading German physician goes so far as to say that determining the "constitution" of a patient is an important part of diagnosis and an essential requisite of preventive

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medicine. Meanwhile sociology has seen the eugenic fancy die by inches. Of course, it still turns up here and there—for instance, in a large and imposing volume we have just looked into—but it wears a spectral garb.

How the advocate of "better breeding" was duped by a whole series of mechanistic assumptions is an instructive spectacle. He argued well from his premises, but those were wrong. "Mentality is not hereditary," Dr. George Ryley Scott wrote recently, "or at any rate its hereditary factor is so slight as to be negligible so far as any practical purpose is concerned. The eugenist has been misled by bassing his hypothesis on the older biological concept that a mentality superimposed on a network of instincts is as truly hereditary as the color of the skin, the shape of the face, the visceral processes. The truth is that every child, when born, possesses nothing in the way of hereditary factors beyond the sum of autonomic physiological, anatomical and neural correlations which ensure its development into a human being of a distinct type. The popular idea that different races inherit marked emotional and cortical concepts such as sportsmanship and patriotism in the English; cunning in the Japanese; parsimony in the Scots; cupidity in the Jews, is so much twaddle. It arises through a confounding of these acquired abstract qualities with inherent instincts. No abstraction can be instinctive, for an instinct is inherited as a biological factor. Thus there is no such thing as a born poet, or a born artist, or a born musician. To say that the child of a burglar inherits a tendency to commit burglary is rubbish."

Aristotle would have seen much to commend in these views of a distant scientific disciple. He had read Plato carefully enough to be quite certain that all resolutions to employ the state as a means toward the realization of "ideal man" repose on either too much or too little emphasis being put upon the material constituents of human nature. Our time is gradually restoring equilibrium.

WHITEWASHING BROADWAY

MAYOR WALKER of New York in the rôle of Jeremy Collier displays more than a little vigor and charm. His manner is aggressive, his understanding of ensemble must be termed remarkable. And the lines? "They [the producers] were admonished by me that if they did not get together in some form for the control of their properties, and for the improvement of the character of theatrical performances, I would have to find a way to do it for them," is about as pat a monologue as one could hope to hear.

Control and censorship of the theatre are difficult. They have never been easy. As a matter of fact, the several attempts of the English people to rectify the stage always ended in what we today would term a row of padlocks. Even the later "morality plays" resisted improvement, so that the Archbishop of York finally despaired and put an end to them. Elizabethan drama came into public favor very much in the same way as a criminal might be paroled into normalcy. And for his part, John Dryden was so well satisfied with official disapproval of the theatre that he loudly regretted his share in the merry bedlam, going so far as to castigate himself in the middle of a famous ode.

It has long since been no secret that New York playhouses are badly in need of moral criticism. That vicious plays gratify a certain public has nothing to do with the matter. Narcosan has been invented for the benefit of a similar group, and if we remember correctly, the "laws of supply and demand" did not suffice to calcimine the white-slave traffic. When one is young and inclined to be "satirical"—a condition widely prevalent in our day—the lure of anti-social literature is more magnetic than grave thinking. When one is old or tired, frolicsome relaxation under questionable auspices is very tempting. But after all, most people are sooner or later honest with themselves: they drop all poses about art, beauty, and sophistication; and they quote a pretty straightforward definition of immorality. This ultimately prevails against the theatre which is so immediately a creation of public taste.

There is no doubt that if the mayor of New York determines to run a certain variety of shows out of town, he can get all the support he needs or cares to have. He will be supported particularly by those who know how often in history theatres have been closed tight for offenses no more serious than those now visible on Broadway. And ultimately some form of control will be exercised, even if it is difficult to determine in advance what that form will be. If Mr. David Belasco can be honest enough to say that indecent shows are staged because they pay, it is possible that some jury may be honest enough to agree with him.

The pity of it is, how little has been done to construct a theatre worthy of the best in America. Nowhere has the stage risen to look beyond the day and its profits. This must be said, even though one is conscious of what hard and brilliant efforts have been put forth by some actors and managers to raise the standard of the art. It is not to them, but to the community, that the opportunity for improvement must come home. Unfortunately, New York is at present not a creative or a beneficent community. Though it cannot be held responsible for the cheap vulgarity of many shows to which out-of-towners flock, it offers no basis for belief that it can insist upon positive quality and get what it wants. Athens brought forth and crowned Aeschylus and Aristophanes; the metropolis of the United States has produced—well, what is the use of odious comparisons?

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THE CROSS OF MALTA

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

WHEN, after the epochal Armistice of 1918 had been signed, the Red Cross throughout the world gathered to view the sum-total of its works of mercy, there was brought to light the story of an achievement which kindled imagination in a singularly vivid manner. A delegate of the Order of the Knights of Malta presented a brief and simple outline of what had been done by members of his brotherhood to aid the victims of battle in several countries. It came home to some who listened that his report was exactly the same kind of statement as has been made on numberless occasions during the wars of the Crusades and other struggles for the life of Christendom. In fact, the delegate was speaking for a mission of charity almost as old as any of the states of modern Europe, even though it was strangely unfamiliar to modern minds.

Who are the Knights of Malta? The question was asked by many a Red Cross worker, just as (we may suppose) it has been asked more recently by many an American. For the Maltese cross is no longer unknown here. The establishment of the first chapter of the order in the United States has aroused a considerable amount of discussion, even as it has indicated anew certain goals now identified with the Church.

The men enrolled in the new chapter are all very wealthy. They are prominent as financiers and industrialists. In more senses than one, they constitute as remarkable a "board of directors" as was ever gathered together. Had the Church singled them out because it wished to honor their worldly success—to "decorate," after a fashion, their business skill? Assuredly not, as one can see clearly from a brief consideration of what the Knights of Malta have been. At the close of the eleventh century, a bull of Pope Celestine II confided to Raymond de Puy and his brethren the custody of "a sacred hospice in the city of Jerusalem, which has been dedicated for a long time to the poor of Christ." Raymond had succeeded a certain Gerard as superior of a community which lived under the rule of Saint Augustine and had adopted the name of "Hospitaliers of Saint-John." Men bound by rigid monastic vows served the sick who came with every pilgrimage, and who were sometimes the victims of Arab spoliation. They had no other business than this task of kindness.

But Raymond, whose genius for construction and administration was astonishing, lived in those breathless years when the idea of the Crusades first roused all Europe to action. Talk of armed campaigning against the forces of Mohammed kindled an enthusiasm fully as furious as "Berseker rage" itself. In every town, the armorers toiled into the night over their anvils; and great seigneurs staked all their wealth of goods and men upon the venture. It was natural that the Hospitaliers, identified with the sacred places for which combat was to be delivered, should respond as one man to the summons. They now added to their duties as nurses a solemn obligation to bear arms against the "infidel," thus definitely becoming one of those prominent military orders which were to have so large, and often so tragic, a share in the making of history. The first effect of this change was an almost unbounded popular interest in the Hospitaliers. Recruits came to them in vast numbers; the Pope conferred temporal and spiritual favors with magnificent prodigality; and Raymond's tour of Europe was a triumph. The second effect was that the organization of the order gradually assumed the character of a crusading army. Three classes of brethren were recognized—the knights, who were legitimate scions of noble families; the chaplains, some of whom also fought; and sergeants, who entered the service of the knights. All were ruled very much as a mediaeval army might be directed; but spiritually they were dependent upon the Papacy alone. Their prestige, wealth, and military importance grew constantly.

The share taken by the Hospitaliers in the long struggle for Palestine is a matter to which history has paid due respect. They were with Godfrey of Bouillon when he climbed the towers of Jerusalem; they had a brilliant share in the recapture of Ascalon (1153); and during the lifetime of the Latin kingdom, they erected and defended some of the most remarkable fortified places known to the mediaeval world. But the years of valor and power, of dissension and danger, came to their inevitable end. And when the remnants of the shattered "host of the West," together with a tatterdemalion population of refugees and adventurers, gathered under the bastions of Acre for a last defense, the order begun so brilliantly by Gerard and Raymond was only a shadow of its former self. It had lost more than temporal possessions—it had suffered from the laxities and habits of military life, as well as from commercial infections. Nevertheless, during all these years, in the words of an English historian, "it continued to be a rule of the order that in its establishments it was for the sick to give commands; for the brethren to obey. The chapters were occupied with building and improving hospitals."

A period of reorganization and reform followed. In 1310, the Hospitaliers gained a foothold on the isle of Rhodes, where they erected important fortifications and combated the sea power of the Moslem. The history of their knightly deeds, of exploits against enemy corsairs, and of shrewd agreements designed

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to substitute commerce for warfare in the eastern seas, is as colorful and often as grim as any part of the world's naval tradition. Meanwhile, the order revealed once more its genius for construction. Some of the buildings erected at Rhodes during the fifteenth century were marvels of stony grace and strength; and even today the ruins left by time and earthquakes are picturesque and suggestive. Once again, however, the power of the East prevailed. When Constantinople fell before the onslaughts of the Janisaries, the days of Rhodes were numbered. The great flag of the order—crimson, with an eight-pointed white cross for an emblem—was hauled down, and under safe conduct guaranteed by Soliman II, the survivors of the desperate siege retired from the Orient as the rear-guard of vanquished Christendom.

Seven years later, by grace of the Emperor Charles V, the order took up its abode upon the famed island of Malta. Its local establishments throughout Europe had, of course, remained for the most part intact. These were, first of all, "commanderies" arranged under the supervision of "priories," of which that of Saint-Gilles in France was the most important. Malta was merely the seat of the Grand Master, of those knights who lived in his service, and of a large number of retainers. Meanwhile, a custom of associating with the order people who did not observe its rule but supported it with money and other means, had come to be general. These were classified as "donats"—that is, "those who give"—and were authorized to wear knightly insignia. It was largely this group who made possible the achievements of Malta—most important of which was the resistance offered to the Turk during the famous siege of 1565. Jean Parisat de la Vallette, then Grand Master, was a veteran soldier. When the mighty fleet of Suleiman the Magnificent drew up under the defenses of Malta, it must have awed every resident on the island—but there was no thought of surrender, and the knights died at their posts at St. Elmo and elsewhere until relief came and the Moslem captains retired. It was a glorious victory and part of a long, illustrious tradition. But the Reformation and the Revolution disrupted Christian Europe, so that when Napoleon seized Malta for his own military purposes, practically no resistance was offered. Later on, though the Treaty of Amiens had guaranteed the restoration of their property to the knights, Great Britain appropriated the island and has retained it ever since.

The great martial history of the Knights of Saint-John had come to an end. It had opened with the Crusades; it closed in an era of new imperialism. Chivalry itself was practically an extinct institution. Some effort was made to reconstitute scattered groups and properties, but for a long while the "Knights of Malta" remained a name borne only by a phantom that had survived forgotten yesterdays. Where was their place in the restless contemporary world? Once again the years passed on. The modern world was suddenly plunged into a conflict more devastating than any recorded by mankind. Even remote, primitive places heard the din of universal armament. Then the Church which girdles the earth was aroused by a new sacred enthusiasm—a fervent resolve not to shatter the regiments of the infidel but to break the dense array of cruelty that had become almost synonomous with man. The first mission of the Hospitaliers of Jerusalem was recalled. Under the leadership of their present Grand Master, Prince Galleas of Thun-Hohenstein, the knights organized, in all places where they possessed any strength, hospitals and other agencies of relief. Their units went to the front with fighting troops of several nations; they became a great instrument in the hands of the Papacy, which could never forget the magnificent mission of mercy with which it had been charged.

And so the Knights of Malta are witnessing a renaissance. They and the rest of us live in an era when the tasks of pacification and relief are rekindling again the hopes and purposes of primitive Christianity. There is infinitely much to be done by all of those who can do something. One has only to visualize their opportunity in order to comprehend the importance of the knights. By nature, theirs is an organization of prominent and wealthy persons able to support the difficult and costly work of hospital maintenance, as well as, in a more general sense, the varied relief of the poor. It is, of course, an honor to be enrolled among the knights. No other decoration is so eminently a recognition of distinction as the Maltese cross, and its bearer is directly affiliated with an old and salutary spiritual tradition. But over and above the "bubble reputation," there is a grave pledge of service in the finest sense. Just as the men who defended the ramparts of Christendom until the death wound came, scorned the zest of living, so also those who gather round the white cross for the redemption of poverty and disease, of war-time suffering and chaos, are expected to realize that their wealth is a trust and they themselves stewards.

It is worth noting that the men selected to comprise the first American chapter are all well known for the assistance they have hitherto given to charitable enterprise. That their union will lead to new and greater endeavor, first in the United States and then throughout the world, cannot be doubted. Even more fortunate, however, is the fact that affiliation with an order now once more virile in all parts of the old world, will lead them to take an active part in that labor of economic and social reconstruction upon which the universal Church has set its heart. The flag of Raymond du Puy has disappeared from Jerusalem, from Rhodes, from Malta. It is to reappear again, like a benign symbol of the earliest Christian mission in a thousand places where misery rules the desolate poor. Surely this is the most glorious of all crusades.

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THE PROBLEM OF ITALY

By LUIGI STURZO

THE irremediable contradiction between the character and aims of Fascism, and the natural and historical mission of the kingdom of Italy, as it has evolved from the time of its formation to the present day, seems to the present writer self-evident. If, moreover, we consider Italian Fascism in the light of the general situation of post-war Europe, we can but affirm once again that it is an abnormal phenomenon which will disappear as Europe, recovering from the effects of the war, gradually attains the necessary conditions for peace, economic equilibrium, and the prevalence of the democratic régime.

As an abnormal phenomenon, Fascism is a war product which found in Italy circumstances propitious to the conquest of power; this was due principally to the decadence of the political class, which not only failed to offer any resistance, but favored the new movement to the point of surrendering all dignity and even the seats of government. Fascism owes its success to the attitude of the wealthy and conservative classes which, thanks to this new force, have maintained their hold on the powers of the state, overcoming the Socialists on the one hand, and the Popolari on the other.

This revolutionary attitude on the part of the conservatives merely continues the tactics they have constantly employed in order to preserve their hold on the policy of the country. Thus they were Liberal Conservatives during the predominance of the Left, and are Fascist Conservatives in the new era.

At the centre or on the apex of the conservative classes, stands the dynasty, which has also known its phases of Liberalism, Transformism, and Fascism. In Italy, the monarchy has always been known as constitutional, and from 1848 onward, the kings of the House of Savoy were constitutional in the accepted sense of the word—that is, reigning but not governing; personally non-responsible, with responsible ministers. The first king of Italy, Victor Emmanuel II, earned the title of Il Re Galantuomo because he kept faith with the Constitution, at a time when other Italian kings and princes went back on their word and repudiated it. But the manner of the "royal conquest" by which the unity of Italy was achieved—the conception of Italy as a military state and the ally of the central empires, the exercise of political power for sixty-five years by an electorate restricted (until 1913) under a property qualification—could result only in binding the dynasty to the conservative classes. The conservatives have been and are the mainstay of the monarchy. Only on the day when Mussolini threw aside his republican leanings could he secure their unconditional support, and thus his own triumph.

Had there been no war, Italy might still have had a disguised dictator in the person of Giolitti, or of others of his stamp, until the new forces, the parties with a following among the masses, came into their own. Even so, if the House of Savoy had linked its destinies with those of the conservative classes, the existence of the monarchy might have been called in question.

This the conservatives felt instinctively when the Socialists, on the one hand, the Popolari, on the other, were bringing the working- and middle-classes, consciously organized, into economic and political life. Therefore, they did not hesitate to throw themselves into the arms of a revolution, confident that the monarchy would uphold them in the hour of danger. The duel was not fought out, for the organized parties, the Socialists and the Popolari, did not give decisive battle. They were deceived as to the nature and bearings of the Fascist phenomenon, judging it only as something abnormal and therefore transitory, and failing to see that, in substance, it was the political agency of the conservative classes.

Thus three forces are united—the conservative classes, the monarchy, and Fascism—the last armed with dictatorial power, acting as the political agency of the former two. It is only natural that Fascism should seek to assimilate all the forces of the nation, including the army, to which it has juxtaposed the "national militia"—that is to say, a party militia—and the economic system, to which it has given a party form of corporate organization in order to subject it to a system of state paternalism.

Centralization, which has corroded the modern continental state, is thus carried to its logical extreme. The state is become leviathan, assimilating every other force, the embodiment of an oppressive political pantheism. There is no longer any room for man, for the free individual, for the sake of whom state and society exist. Instead, man exists for the sake of the state. The apotheosis of the state or as it is now called the nation, is complete.

In practice, and in the Fascist conception, the state is the government. Hence the necessity of securing the power to the dictator and his party; and thus to the classes of which the dictator and his party are the political agents. The head of the government is responsible to the king alone; but the king is no longer morally free to change the head of the government, since he no longer finds in the political edifice an element of counterthrust on which to lean in effecting the change. Here is an abnormal innovation, no longer in conformity with the historical tradition of the kingdom of Italy. It is the starting-point for the second Risorgimento. For the first Risorgimento ended with the abolition of the conservative Constitution of

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Charles Albert, and with the creation of a morally and politically irremovable head of the executive power.

When one reads the chorus of praise, the homage, the adulation rising to Mussolini from various bodies and from representative men of Italy, and even from a section of the world abroad which still approves of his methods, one has the impression that, in the mind of the people, certain figures and symbols are being subtly displaced by others. Mussolini is dictator, though without the crown.

Against this historical development stands its opposite, the participation, with a certain degree of autonomy, of the middle- and working-classes in political power. During the Risorgimento, the Mazzinians, Republicans, Federalists, and neo-Guelfs who, in their different ways, expressed the antithesis to the conservative currents and to the monarchical and unitary conception, and represented more closely popular tendencies, were mostly assimilated or destroyed in the attainment of Italian unity and independence by means of the royal conquest. The remainder formed the groups of the Left and the Opposition—and later on gave birth to the Radical and Workers' parties.

On the fall of the Right in 1876, the Transformist Left, acting on behalf of the middle-clases, fulfilled a part of the social aspirations of the masses, but though they felt their pressure, took care to withhold political power from the masses themselves. This pressure became urgent through the Socialist party which, however, did not attain real political efficiency until the grant of universal suffrage in 1913. The Popular party, which appeared six years later, competed with the Socialists and neutralized their strength. But at this moment, post-war economic and political difficulties reached their height. We have seen how the old political class had reached a crisis; how it feared the free and autonomous participation of the people in power, their growing political consciousness, their organization in parties and trade-unions; and how it feared, too, their errors and vagaries. Having neither strength to resist this movement, nor belief in its future, the old political class preferred the adventure of Fascism and the sacrifice of constitutional liberty.

The defeat of the Socialist parties and the Popular party is the result, not only of the Fascist reaction in 1925, but also, as we have seen, of their position in the period between 1919 and 1922. In brief, the Socialists by persisting in their refusal to share in the government for fear of losing the confidence of the masses, and by proclaiming a revolution which they did not and could not carry out, forfeited the fruits of their thirty years of labor. The Popolari, on the other hand, caught in the toils of participation in the government, to which they had assented in order to defend the country from the Bolshevist currents and to safeguard the existence of Parliament itself, were bound, in a certain measure, to share the fate of the decaying political class, bearing at one and the same time its responsibilities and its attacks. Both Socialists and Popolari, from different and opposed standpoints, counted on the political maturity of the masses and on their power of resistance; but these proved unequal to the reactionary offensive.

Here is the knot of the present situation in Italy, making of the future a source of anxiety, and of present events, food for meditation. It would seem that the situation today is a repetition of the situation at the time of the Risorgimento, which was the work of the intellectual and wealthy classes rather than of the people. Today, when the suppression of every dissenting force and every independent current of thought may be considered complete, the people of Italy look on, silent and timorous, while others form a chorus round the triumphal car of the victor. True, these seem an innumerable host only because the places where they assemble are small, and because their shouts divert attention from the silence of those who mutely stand by; but even so, they cannot be accounted few.

The Socialist party is reorganizing; the Popular party is reorganizing. Many have fallen by the wayside, or have left the field. Others are abroad. Others have withdrawn from the struggle, considering the plight of their families. Such parties can no longer play an active part; they serve merely as signs of protest and as guide-posts for the future. The same applies to the other ever dwindling Opposition and anti-Fascist groups, which have taken the old names of Liberals and Democrats. What remains of their past is a banner and a program. Their aspiration is that the middle- and working-classes of Italy should regain their autonomy and personality, and once more do battle for a share in political power and in the policy of their country.

The Fascisti seek the total elimination of these centres of resistance to the new national life; but these parties and groups seek to live on so as to renew the struggle when the moment comes. No matter whether in their present form or in others more suitable, the anti-Fascist groups and parties will persist, even if they are suppressed by decree, for they discharge a social function. The people, it is true, remain inert, but feel the need to have about them a means of defense, an issue from crises and convulsions, a haven in time of storm. Yet looking on passively, they find no impulse to act or react in the names of the discomfited parties, for neither in the programs of these, nor in their tactics, do they see anything that could be the starting-point or goal of fresh action.

In fact, parliamentary action is over; the moral question has become confused with the system and régime; economic problems are pressing, but they are absorbed or neutralized by certain forms of prosperity; the question of constitutional liberty is keenly felt only by the political classes and parties—not by the masses who have never reached the point of sharing actively and positively in political life. Moreover, the novelty

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of Fascist enterprises, the large output of laws, the exalted tone of propaganda and the harangues on the Roman empire, are bewildering—tending to create belief in an imaginary life and to foster a state of mind of messianic expectation.

This period calls for reflection, for the husbanding of strength, for the cautious avoidance of hazardous adventures, for the formation of reliable nuclei, for the elaboration of necessary reforms with a view to a democratic renaissance. Italy's institutional problem will have to be brought back into the foreground; it will be necessary to face in its entirety the unsolved problem left by the Risorgimento—the problem, that is, of the complete participation of the people in political life, which was raised, each in his own way, by Mazzini, by Cattaneo, and then successively by the Radicals, the Socialists, and the Christian Democrats—afterward the Popular party.

One thing is sure and corresponds to the profound consciousness underlying modern civilization—that even in Italy, the time must come when the advent of a peaceful and progressive democracy, recognizing all parties in accordance with the "method of liberty," will restore Italy to her proper place as a centre of moral and artistic life, of religious and juridical thought, of activity in labor and commerce, as a factor in international equilibrium—so that she may play her true part as a great pacific nation.

FRENCH CATHOLIC LITERATURE

By BERNARD FAY

TO THE newspaper-reading foreigner, contemporary France must appear a centre of disturbance, an obscure and dangerous region, where the ministry changes every week. For the traveler, of course, it remains the country of wine and cathedrals. Few discern the intense intellectual and moral work which is going on in a country outwardly so static. Nevertheless, since the end of the great war, French literature has shown an extraordinary fecundity and a surprising variety. In every category, in every domain, and from every school, original and powerful books have appeared. But for several months now, the group which has attracted most public attention and which seems on the way to winning most prestige, is the group of Catholic writers.

France has always had its Catholic writers. But during the past century, their rôle has been much more important than previously, and also extremely delicate. In the seventeenth century, all our lay writers were essentially Catholic. But they busied themselves very little with religious matters. Such things were treated by the clergy, under the protection of the government. In the eighteenth century, French writers were still officially Catholic and were always so considered. But when they concerned themselves with religion at all, it was generally to attack it. Its defense was undertaken, too often in feeble and clumsy fashion, by the government and the clergy.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the situation changed abruptly. Proscribed and banished by the Revolution, the French clergy were no longer there to speak in defense of Christianity, while the government had become either neutral or frankly anti-Christian. The task of publicly championing Christianity devolved upon lay writers who still believed in the truths revealed to the Church. The foremost in time, and the most illustrious of these champions, was Châteaubriand. His Genius of Christianity, published in 1801, had a large share in rallying public opinion and in bringing troubled spirits back to the fold. Few books have aroused such enthusiasm or upheaved so many minds. After all the proscriptions, the massacres, the persecutions—after the closing of the churches and the embargo laid upon Mass and the Sacraments—a voice was uplifted, celebrating, in matchless accents, the glories, artistic, moral, and philosophic, of the Catholic religion.

It is thanks to him that the first poets of the Romantic movement in France—Lamartine, and the youthful Victor Hugo—were Christian poets and positive apostles of the Faith. And this impetus maintained itself for years among the French Romanticists. It is true that the middle of the century was remarkable for a period of reaction toward positivism and materialism. For years, indeed, the two tendencies appeared to sweep everything before them and to leave little behind, until the year of war—1870. Under the lash of this terrible national disaster, a new tendency did not take long in manifesting itself.

Already, at the epoch when materialism and the materialistic school were in the ascendant, and when a bastard Romanticism had resigned itself to accepting, if not the mastery, at least the collaboration of realists and naturalists, a few free and eager spirits, irresistibly attracted by supernatural realities, had been seeking a path which would lead them away from the cult of the flesh and the bestial monotony amid which Zola and his school were floundering more and more each day. However one chooses to interpret the work of that strange and powerful poet who was called Arthur Rimbaud, the most famous and the least understood of all modern French poets, it is inevitable to see in him a sort of magician, and apostle, avid of the absolute, seeking to escape from material necessities and desirous of founding something approaching a new religion. He failed; but his dream

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and his effort were not vain. His aspirations, corresponding as they did to a widely felt need, aroused the attention of the best among the younger men. A sort of crusade began in search of pure beauty—a quest for inspiration in its most hidden sources. Besides Rimbaud, these adventurers recognized as their chiefs, Baudelaire and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, both alike devoured by a profound urge for faith and adoration, and who imagined they could find what they sought only through a devotion to the intenser and more difficult forms of art, and in a frank abandonment to Catholic discipline.

The Symbolist school (1886-1896) sought to exist and endure in its sheer quality as a literary movement. But reality showed how impossible this was. The work of the Symbolists could have no value save in so far as it kept the public, and with all the more reason, its poets, in intimate contact with the deepest spiritual life of the human soul. To grapple with such a task, initiative, zeal, and even individual genius are small things beside the resources of which such a body as the Catholic Church can dispose, with all its traditions, its ceremonial, its hierarchy and its mysteries. In exact proportion as they ceased to be mere technicians and interested themselves in the inwardness of the problems they approached, the Symbolists were bound to find themselves attracted by Catholicism. Gradually Catholicism rallied to itself the best among the Symbolists of the younger generation, after Verlaine and Germain Nouveau, Rette, and those two great poets, both so highly dowered in their separate spheres, Francis Jammes and Paul Claudel. Between 1900 and 1914, it was quite clear that in creative literature the influence of Catholicism was steadily waxing. It produced several unmatched "worldly" novelists: Bourget, Bazin, even Barrès; although the last named was merely a Catholic "du dehors." The more advanced literary circles were undergoing the influence of the forceful and complex Claudel; of Jammes, more accessible, less original but more charming; of Péguy, whose gradual and irresistible evolution through socialism to Catholicism made him an admirable propagandist for the Faith. A species of intellectual fever laid hold on French Catholics. Never were their reviews better written nor more widely read. They had even ended by capturing the most influential review in all France—La Revue des Deux Mondes.

To all this the war came as a terrible interruption. Between 1914 and 1918, few were in a position to occupy their minds with poetry and the intellectual life when there was so much misery to succor; so many dangers of all kinds to outface. During this period, a generation was growing to manhood, eager and stricken, very different from the one which had gone before, and even out of touch with it. Péguy was dead, Jammes had retired to the country, Claudel had become a high government official. None of them could pretend to the magnetic influence they had once exercised. A plague of fatalism, and a thirst for facile pleasure, seemed in danger of replacing the spiritual activity of the decade before the war.

For three or four years, the situation remained obscure. Then the movement toward conversion began afresh. The most curious and the most extraordinary instance was that of the "cubist" poet, Max Jacob, Jewish by birth, and a writer of authentic genius, for whom the return to Catholicism was the end of a very long journey. His influence upon literary youth was immense. His sincere conversion, his retreat at St. Benoit-sur-Loire, in an old Benedictine abbey of Charlemagne's days, where he lived quietly for four years, and the beautiful Catholic poetry which followed, were the starting-point of a positive Catholic renaissance in modern poetry. There was talk of another daring but truly great poet, Paul Reverdy, who had made public profession of Catholicism; and of a novelist, Marcel Jouhandeau, whose inspiration was a mystery to all save mystics. Among the latest and most widely commented conversions was that of the musician, Erik Satie, which took place in the hospital where he shortly afterward died.

We may add to the list, Max Lefèvre, editor-in-chief of the big review, Les Nouvelles Litteraries, and Jean Cocteau, widely known as the most precocious and most brilliant of French contemporary poets.

The most significant thing about these conversions is their frankness and their abundant literary fruit. Every one of these catechumens has accepted the Church without reserves or bargaining, yet it has not fettered production in the least. On the contrary, it seems to have been a stimulus to imagination. This spring we have been given the story of Cocteau's conversion, and some charming poems by Max Jacob, Les Penitents en Maillot Rose.

The centre of this group is a man who would be remarkable in any age, who has been called upon to play a leading rôle in France and whose prestige is enormous. Jacques Maritain, a convert himself and a philosopher, came into the Church by way of Protestantism. A professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, he is one of the most admirable and attractive figures in contemporary life. As he is unlikely to read these lines, I will go so far as to say that, in my eyes, he is a saint. Preoccupied solely with the spiritual good of his fellows, absolutely disinterested, with an insight equaled by his generosity, Maritain has been instrumental in many of the conversions just mentioned. His grave face, his bloodless cheeks and regular features appear at times to be irradiated with some mysterious light from a rift in the sky. It is impossible to approach him without being struck by the serenity that seems literally to emanate from his person. As one of the principal masters of the neo-Thomist philosophy, a large publishing house in Paris (Plon-Nourrit) had the happy idea to confer upon

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him the direction of a literary collection entitled Le Roseau d'Or, comprising novels, poetry, and critical essays—all orientated toward Catholicism and the spiritual life. It is only a year since the volume appeared, and it has already given the French literary world several excellent books, and at least one masterpiece. Among the first may be mentioned Three Reformers, by Maritain himself, which contains a magnificent portrait of Martin Luther.

The collection of Le Roseau d'Or would deserve to be mentioned if it had done nothing more than reveal to French attention a new writer whose first book has created a tremendous impression.

No novel at the present moment is being so discussed, or commented upon with such passion, as Sous le Soleil de Satan, by Georges Bernanos. It is the story, at one and the same time sober and violent, of a priest tempted of Satan, who only works out his own salvation and the accomplishment of his task by extraordinary and superhuman efforts. It offers an amazing picture of the intensity of Catholic spiritual life. Its 370 pages are a long paroxysm, permeated with lamentation. Its structure, its style, its images, and its concepts are abrupt and dazzling as lightning. Inspired partly by the life of the Curé d'Ars and certain writings of Rancé, it is the novel which has most moved, most interested, and most excited the French reading public during the last six months.

It will be seen now to what an extent French Catholicism is attesting its vitality and force in literature. It insists, in its poetry, its essays, and most of all, in its novels, upon the depth which religion gives the soul. Bernanos especially has pages upon this point whose sheer movement is irresistible. But an aggressive dogma is not despised, nor is philosophy neglected. It is this which gives solidity to the group.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA TODAY

By LAWRENCE MAYNARD GREY

THE news we get of religious affairs in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, continues to be scant and fragmentary. Of the nine or ten rival churches, the most numerous body comprises the followers of the late Patriarch Tykhon. Of course, the Tykhonite body has lost prestige since this great leader's death in 1925. The emigrant patriarchist bishops have been criticized by their brother bishops in Russia for running away from Russia, and for weakening the Tykhonite cause through their counter-revolutionary, political propaganda for a revived Russian monarchy.

At one time, Metropolitan Anthony Krapovitsky, some time ago of Kieff, but now in Serbia, considered organizing an emigrant Russian patriarchate. The Soviet policemen are watchful, and the Tykhonites in Russia suffer more than their needful share of police espionage. This has resulted in the patriarchists' choice of an extremely passive, though unyielding, behavior toward the Russian government. The Tykhonite clergy do not preach or catechize. They are willing to leave the future to God.

The second great section of Russian Orthodoxy is the Synodist Church, which claims lawful succession to the Synodal Church that functioned in Russia from the end of the Moscow patriarchate in 1721 to the setting up of the second patriarchate immediately subsequent to the revolution of 1917. This hierarchy is made up of 200 bishops, and 17,000 priests; it controls 60,000 parish churches and has the allegiance of at least one-quarter (possibly one-third) of the total Russian Orthodox population. It acknowledges the actual Russian government and, like the Anglicans and American Methodists, allows married bishops, remarriage of priest-widowers, the Gregorian calendar, shaved beards, and short clerical hair. Nevertheless, with the exception of the adoption of the new style calendar, very few Synodist bishops or priests have taken advantage of the new rules. The Synodist hierarchy has the backing and blessing of the Greek Orthodox Church of Constantinople, though it must gain the recognition of all other self-governing Orthodox churches before it has the right to unquestionable Orthodoxy. The Patriarchate of Constantinople is only one portion of Eastern Orthodoxy—and that not a very considerable one. The Synodist Russian Church is Orthodox in teaching and progressive in its hierarchical make-up, and anti-monarchical in its civil and ecclesiastical political trend. Its greatest thinker and preacher is Alexander Vedensky, the thirty-six-year-old ascetical Metropolitan of Moscow. Vedensky is a skilled antagonist of atheism, and his business is to oppose unbelievers in philosophical and theological arguments. In Moscow on October 7, 1925, he spoke thus to the Third Council of Pan-Russian Orthodox churches.

> To save the faith, no longer may we count on the religious genius of the Russian folk. Religion is attacked from all sides. If we fail to teach our good Russian people, they will become infidels and mockers. Mere activity will not do. We must teach. First we must know what we ought to teach; then we must know how to teach it, how to answer the anti-religious objections spread so systematically by the schools, by the countless scatterers of Bolshevist propaganda. Every Russian hears again and again that faith is opposed to knowledge, that religion is a disease of the nerves, a perversion of the sex instinct. Therefore, we must master these problems. We must be able to prove the spirituality of the soul of man, his power to reason, his free will, the existence of God, Who is maker

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> of the world and of man, the need of religion. . . . The priest, the bishop, the layman ought to know Jesus Christ more intimately. Why? Because homage given to Christ's image is not enough; such worship will not last if the baptized lacks knowledge of what he ought to have been taught to believe with regard to the Saviour. . . .
>
> Who, therefore, is Christ? He is Man, a Man of faultless intelligence, moral life and teaching, perfect in His love for the lowly. He is much more; He is the Son of God, true Son of God—not only in a figurative meaning, but really of the same substance as the Father, as the Nicean definition has it.

Metropolitan Vedensky went on to make clear the dogmas of transubstantiation and of the reserved Eucharistic Presence. He urged the Orthodox clergy to cultivate a fitting faith in the liturgical sacrifice and called on them to enliven the laity with a like devotion:

> Then will souls throw aside their selfishness; bound closely to Christ, they will learn the feelings of brotherly kindness and broad-minded heed for men of all countries—sentiments they lack so much. The faith will be saved, strengthened, and motivated—not through political means, but through spiritual union with Christ and by a filial yielding with Him to the Father. This will be a truly Christian life, a pledge of the day when the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost shall guide every soul of good will. God ought to rule every man, family, nation. Work, therefore, for the kingdom of God, through His universal Church, in brotherly love and the truths of the faith.

Significantly symbolic of the Vedenskyite Russian Orthodox movement is the fact that a picture of Father John of Kronstadt hangs on the wall of the Russian Orthodox cathedral rectory in New York. Father John was a very holy maried priest who preached much and offered the Eucharistic Sacrifice daily. It must be said, too, that the Vedenskyites dislike some characteristics of Roman Catholicism—the very skilful centralization of church rule, the niceties of western canon law and scholasticism, the lack of liturgical folk-song. The Synodist Church has begun classes for theological students at Rostoff, Krasnodar, Vologda, Koursk, Orenbourg, and Oufa; and in August, 1925, it decided to take up monthly collections for theological schools in every diocese.

There are many small religious bodies in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics: three or four Red hierarchies, the Old Believers, the self-governing Georgian hierarchy, and three separate independent Ukrainian hierarchies. In czarist days, there were only seventy dioceses and not more than a hundred diocesan and auxiliary bishops. Today there are in Russia more than five hundred validly consecrated bishops. Most sees are claimed by two rival bishops, sometimes by three or four. In 1922, Lipkiffsky of Kieff founded the Independent Panukrainian Orthodox Church. He is metropolitan but has never been consecrated bishop. On October 20, 1925, a considerable number of Lipkiffsky's followers broke away and grouped themselves under Bishop Peter Tarnoffsky, who had been made bishop in 1922 by Theodosius Serguieeff of Prioutsk. In 1924, Theodosius passed from the Tykhonites to the Panukrainians. The Baptists find many among poor folk of the cities who are drawn by the simplicity of Baptist ethical teaching, and by the severity of the lives of those who teach. Among cultured Russians there is not more than a slight attraction to Tolstoism, theosophy, or Catholicism. The spiritual revival caused by the upheaval in 1917 seems to have died down in 1920.

Exarch Leonid Theodoroff, the brave priest who heads the Russian Catholic Church of the Byzantine rite, has been pardoned lately and allowed to live on Russian territory. In 1923, he had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment. Père Michel d'Herbigny, S.J., president of the Pontificial Oriental Institute in Rome, visited Moscow in October, 1925, and attended the Third Council of the Synodist Pan-Russian Orthodox churches. At Eastertide, 1926, Père d'Herbigny journeyed from Rome to visit the Russian Catholic colonies of Moscow, Leningrad, Kieff, and Odessa. Such visits would have been impossible three or four years ago, and are instructive tokens of the changed state of affairs in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Speaking in general, the religious bodies in Russia are much freer today than they were in 1923. The Soviet government is still deeply anti-religious, but it has ordered that the pious feelings of the people shall not be hurt. The preamble to the laws drawn up by the Department of Worship of the People's Commissariat for Justice, lays down definitely that every misdeed that might give the people reason to think of their church officers as victims of ill-treatment must be shunned. Moscow's slogan is "Freedom"—for religion as well as for atheism. Its aim has not changed during the past few years, but it is being realized today in a spirit less openly hostile to religion than during the unhappy period of 1917-1923. The Soviet authorities recently told Père d'Herbigny:

> We have learned that millions of men—most of the Russian people—are closely bound to their God; therefore, we have decided to stop direct attack on religious inclinations. This is done, of course, on condition that religion is not used as a cover for political agitation. We have entered on a new religious policy in keeping with our altered economic plan.

The Russian government still works for the spread of atheism, for they consider that to be one of their great duties toward mankind; but they seek to kill the spirit of religion, rather than the body. They do this through their schools, books, a special publishing firm, a journal called The Atheist, and theatres. Their strength lies in their remarkably extensive means of propaganda, and in their monopoly of culture, which they hold firmly in hand. The spell of violence has passed away, but the "scientific" struggle with belief in

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God goes on. The number and importance of the Moscow libraries strikes one with wonder. At every great street corner, the government has set up books of natural science, history, political economy, sports, physical culture, atheism, blasphemy, fanaticism.

This frank endeavor is ineffective with Russian grown-ups, but it does influence the young people. Every Russian school must be atheistic in name and in deed; all religious teaching is quite forbidden—even in church—to persons under eighteen years of age. The overthrow of the home, the family, and many moral duties seems to have been attained in Russian cities. Nothing has taken its place except homelessness, disease, and the sins of paganism. In the country as in the town, among factory-workers' children as well as among peasant children, one simple axiom is taken for truth: "Religion is a fraud that has had its day."

It behooves us to ponder the following truths: The future men and women of Russia are today growing up in anti-religious, pagan culture. The northern Russians are naturally socialistic. The Russian language comes next to English in linguistic popularity. The separation of 140,000,000 Byzantine Christians from Catholicism was, and is, due rather to circumstances of worldly political hatred and racial jealousy, than to dogmatic differences. The Orthodox Church, the former organ of culture in Russia, is today splitting up into a pandemonium of rival sects and bishops. Russian blood is a fusion of the Aryan and the Asiatic—of the Slav-Teuton with the Mongolian. The Eastern Orthodox Christians accept the "Filioque," but they deny any eternal procession. The bishops of the patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem were excommunicated for taking the side of Cerularius; but Rome has never cut off the Slavs or Roumanians, or the Eastern Orthodox Church as such. Hilarion, the fifth Russian metropolitan (1051-1072) and his successors, George, John I, John II, Ephraem I, and Nicholas I (1096-1106) did not support the schism of Cerularius, but were in union with Rome. Since their excommunication, the Eastern Orthodox churches have never been able to summon an ecumenical council, which, according to their own theologians, would be the only tribunal competent to settle the differences with Rome. Metropolitan Philaret of Moscow believes that it is impossible for the Orthodox churches to hold an ecumenical council as long as they remain separated from the West.

In Moscow, in October, 1925, a Soviet official said to the president of the Oriental Institute of Rome:

> Humanity is headed for a centralized internationalism. . . . There are three rival internationalisms in the world today: the materialist, communist, Asiatic empire centered in Moscow, and served in every country by skilled propagandists; the materialist, capitalist, American empire centered in London, and founded on the international ring of banks; the universal internationalism centered in idealist, papal Rome, and founded on God.

BOOKS OF MARY OF SCOTS

By NIGEL TOURNEUR

MARGARET OF NAVARRE is usually looked upon as the most brilliant feminine-exponent of sixteenth-century culture and intellectual attainment. But her unfortunate sister-sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots, had she been as consonantly situated, would have gained the laurels rather than she who is generally associated with The Heptameron. Details concerning Queen Mary's intellectual range are all too few, though we know that she could sharpen the edge of polemics with that very acerb controversialist, John Knox—mighty disputant that he was. We have, however, undoubted proof in her books that her education and mental calibre were far in advance of her age.

The very titles of the volumes going to form a library will always give clues to the taste and character of their owner. To such a master in creative criticism as Sainte-Beuve or Walter Pater, they lend indications which may be developed into a synthesis, vivid and deeply comprehensive, and setting forth evidence as sure, if not surer, than documents and tradition.

Some half-dozen books are all which are left of the library of Scotland's tragic queen. But, luckily, there is proof in another direction that her collection was not only a large one for the sixteenth century, but had been well chosen. Without a doubt, although no blue stocking, she was deeply read. In romance, history, philosophy, religion, and politics, her library was a comprehensive one. A time was to come when she had to be content with one book—her book of devotions.

There are two lists of Queen Mary's collection, which are in safe keeping in the Register House at Edinburgh. One refers to her library in Holyrood Palace, and it was compiled by the Reformers, or rather the Lords of the Congregation, on the Queen's departure to imprisonment in Lochmaben Castle, June, 1567; after, unluckily for us, many of her books had been destroyed by over-zealous iconoclasts. The other inventory deals with the volumes which, in the spring of the previous year, had been shifted up to Edinburgh Castle for the Queen's solace as she abode there for safety during her travail of James VI. They, in turn, were catalogued in 1573 as they lay in the castle after its surrender to the English and the collapse of the Marian cause in Scotland.

Very human is the interest still attaching itself to this castle list. Who were the authors that helped Mary Stuart in her hours of mental anguish and bodily pain? Erasmus, most human of humans, is among them, and Plato—Plato in the Greek, and Sophocles, Euripides, Demosthenes, and others; with Sallust and Livy in French translations; and, too, Lucian, Herodotus, and Cornelius Nepos. Whom of them did the Queen recollect in her last days at Fotheringay? Then, her missal was all the library she had.

Not that her jailors were remiss in supplying reading matter. Knowing she was no mean Latinist, they presented her with Buchanan's now historic libel on her and her alleged relations with Bothwell, written in Latin, and but newly published anonymously in London—De Maria Scotorum Regina; Plena, et Tragica Plane Historia. This mixture of fact and fiction is the only book on which we have the Queen's opinion, and she treats it trenchantly in one of her letters to Monsieur de La Motte Fenelon, French ambassador to England.

Classical scholar though Mary Stuart was, she had her story-books, as the list reveals. Again she had the divine Ariosto; and, too, Ronsard's Nues ou Nouvelles; The First Buik of Froisart; and Amyot's Plutarch.

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How John Knox and his followers must have held their hands up in horror at sight of the Marguerites of Margaret of Navarre; Verard's Jardin de Plaisance; and above all, Pontus de Tyard's extraordinary farrago, Erreurs Amoureuses. Yet, perhaps, their anathemas were lessened and lightened at sight of the many volumes in the Queen's library dealing with the polemics of her day. From the list of them it is easily seen that she took all pains to acquaint herself with both the Protestant and the Catholic sides of affairs and religion in order the better to govern her very turbulent kingdom.

The last details in the inventory of the Holyrood collection—the books to which Queen Mary was undoubtedly most attached—are exceedingly significant. "Item, tayne by my Lordis Grace and birnt [burned]: VI Mess Buiks."

It was the Mass, or, rather, the hostile intolerance of religious zealots, which was the undoing of Mary Stuart. She that was, as the lists of her books indicate, far ahead of her compeers in intellectual attainment. Ignorance might have been safety.

There is no need to go upon tradition and any details which her contemporaries have left, to buttress the statement that Queen Mary outvied Elizabeth and other sixteenth-century women in the width and depth of her mental calibre. Her letters stand out in testification—as anyone may realize on carefully perusing the collection so laboriously brought together and edited by Prince Labanoff. His seven volumes—most of the Queen's letters are written in French; a large number in the English or Scots dialect; some in Latin; and a few in Italian—reveal that her correspondence has a vigor, a directness of thought and utterance, and an elegance (to use a much misused word) of style; together with an expression of moods, which in many instances are not only startlingly modern, but can only be acquired through familiarity with literature. Many of the letters have, too, phrases and other touches, reminiscent of her acquaintance with her library.

Perhaps nowhere else, outside the hierarchy of the Church, are a steadfast adherence to the Faith and anxiety and thoughtfulness for all professing it—nay, for all who would win heavenly grace—more nobly set forth than by Mary of Scots in her correspondence.

In a letter written from Bolton, November 30, 1568, to Phillip II of Spain, condoling with him on the death of his queen, she says: "I am an obedient, submissive, and devoted daughter of the holy Roman Catholic Church, in the faith of which I wish to live and die, without having ever had any other desire than that—a desire which, with God's assistance, I shall never alter in any manner."

Mary Stuart was the living impersonation of Catholicism, and with Catholicism, therefore, she fell when the Church waned nigh to death in Britain.

The Only Door

"I am seeking a door to this House of Yesterday,"
The dreamer said,
"For Yesterday's sins are eating at my board,
And Yesterday's ghosts are sleeping in my bed."

I told him right to his face the way it was.
I said: "You can end this bitterness and strife,
But the only door you can shut on Yesterday
Is the door that you shut on Life."

JESSICA POWERS.

COMMUNICATIONS

KOSCIUSZKO: A LITHUANIAN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—My attention has just been drawn to the article, Kosciusko: A Lithuanian, by Joseph B. Koncevicius, which appeared in The Commonweal of December 29.

The article is very well written, and all that the author says is true. I am at a loss, however, to understand what the author means when he says that Kosciuszko was a Lithuanian. There has always been some misunderstanding on that point, in view of the fact that Kosciuszko always referred to Lithuania as a province of Poland, and in that sense he was a Lithuanian—just as Washington was a Virginian and Al Smith is a New Yorker.

Lithuania at that time was a province of Poland, and in accordance with the custom, all those born in that province spoke of themselves as Lithuanians. For example, your author quotes the second will of Kosciuszko, made in Paris, in which Kosciuszko refers to himself as "a native of Lithuania in Poland." Marshal Pilsudski in this sense is also a Lithuanian, as he was born in that province; but he is still very much alive and the Lithuanians somehow or other are afraid to claim him as their own, racially.

Do you suppose that if Kosciuszko were a Lithuanian racially and culturally, he would have become the national hero of Poland and have been regarded as Poland's greatest patriot? Even if he could, the Poles, being rather touchy on the point of nationalism, would not have had the affectionate admiration and reverence for him that they possess.

STEPHEN P. MIZWA.

CONDITIONS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Bridgeport, Conn.

TO the Editor:—If Mr. Peregrin Fiša had said that two ministries were offered to Hlinka's Slovak People's party, during Hlinka's visit here, and that some, in Hlinka's party, were ready to acept the offer, we could not disagree with him. When Svehla offered the two ministries, he made it known that no priest could have the ministry, and the offer was refused. This is a fact known to the government and to Hlinka's party.

Conditions in Czecho-Slovakia are not so bright as Mr. Fiša would have us believe. I am sure that Mr. Fiša realizes as well as some of us do, that the Communists, in any country, are not a sign of brightness. Czecho-Slovakia, after Russia, has the greatest number of Communist deputies in the Parliament. It is not the Czechs whom Hlinka fears, but the Communists in Slovakia.

In his The World Unbalanced, Gustave le Bon says: "No people can have a government better than itself. Uncertain minds always make uncertain governments." I wonder, if this is not true of the Czecho-Slovakian government.

JOSEF A. SKODA-SCRIBNER.

The title page and index for volume IV of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume IV in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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POEMS

The Fair Companions

The Shah Feridoun, having unsuccessfully carried his warfare into the land of the Turks, was rescued by a fisher boat on the coast of the Caspian Sea. The number of his followers proving too great for the size of the vessel, his courtiers emulated each other in sacrificing their lives by jumping into the stormy waves. On his return to Teheran, the Shah established an annual festival in their honor—Chronicles of Bernart of Antibes.

As yet the cheek of Feridoun was smooth
With boyhood, when with all his Persian hosts,
He hurried forth to prove their conquering might
Against the Turks beyond the Caspian;
And at his side the old Khan Abbas rode,
The Sheik of Zabor and the gay Mihrab,
Chieftain of Khonsor of the Doves. But when
The Turks had swarmed upon them, overthrown
Their phalanxes and banners in the sand,
A bloody flight ensued. The cries of rage
And slaughter rolled along the shore. Grim death
Hung over them until a fisher bark
Hove near; the remnant of the hosts
Piled on, and by a mighty surge were saved
At sea, beyond the Turkish scimitars.
"Allah is powerful to save!" exclaimed
The High Vizier Mazinderan, as lunged
The fragile boat, half-sinking in the sea
Beneath their weight. "O Son of Heaven," cried
The fisherman, "our burden is too great;
The bark must sink if none make sacrifice
That Feridoun shall live!" Amid the hush
Where every warrior, minded of his oath
As tigress waves kept dashing on the boat,
The Shah looked proudly round: "And who shall first
Show fealty?" Then haughty Abbas rose,
The chosen war-companion of the Shah.
"O Feridoun, farewell! Remember thou
Of Abbas—of our jousts and crimson tilts
And polo horses blue." And as he spoke
And leaped into the sea the blood of youth
Died from the heart of Feridoun the Shah.
Then rose the Sheik of Zabor. "Lo, I pass
Unto my fathers, Shah! Remember well
Our boast of starry spears, our leopard hunts,
Our campfires in the desert nights!" Then he
Within the tempest, too, was swallowed down.
Then spoke the High Vizier: "O Feridoun,
Thou shalt recall the chess of gold and jade,
The silvery pools along our garden paths,
And thy preceptor, old Mazinderan."
The hungry waves devoured him as he spoke.
Then Mihrab of the Doves: "Forget me not,
O comrade of the heart; remember long
The arching eyes, the slender waists of youth,
The kiss beneath the golden moon, the lutes,
The songs of Hafiz, all our boyish loves,
Remember well!" And when he sank, the bark
Leapt to the wind and bore the young Shah home . . . .
Springtimes came crowding; soon the world forgot
The fair companions where the aging Shah,
Hedged round by slaves and courtiers, sat on high.
His feasts were royal, but grim bitterness
Grated his heart upon the pillowed throne.
But now the night of his great feast had come;
And he, a broken man, swept down in state
To wake with the companion ghosts of yore.
Through Teheran a burst of rockets, gongs,
Rattles and horns, proclaimed the royal spread;
The skies were blazing with a myriad lights;
Rebeck and flute and drum made glad acclaim.
And when the frightened slaves had left the Shah
Alone before the gorgeous board, laid out
With plate and lamps of gold and precious wines,
He raised his goblet to each empty seat:
"Hail to thee, Abbas, thou art not forgot!
To Thee, my Zabor, faithful memories!"
And turning, smashed the goblets 'gainst the lamp
That burned before their places. "Hail, Mihrab,
My best beloved, who didst die for me
That I might live—O ye, that died in vain!"
Then rising, cast his own lamp to the floor.
The slaves crept in and found him in the dark
Moaning alone—while festal rockets burst
From all the alleys through the lattices.

THOMAS WALSH.

Creators

The old rug-maker, ugliest of men,
Might be Silenus come again;
An ancient god with mockery on his lips,
And magic at his finger tips.
For through those withered hands, in green and rose,
The Persian tree of heaven grows—
A tree where hidden nightingales may wait
Their hour to grow articulate.
His eyes are hard with pain, yet always seem
To hold a dream beyond a dream.

The place the potter's soul must dwell within,
Is free of virtue and of sin—
A secret place from which the infinite calls
In tiny crystal intervals.
As if, where periods meet, an eye could see
And reach intangibility.

Yet where he sat among his urns and jars,
Ranged like a ring of colored stars,
I saw a crack run down the shining length
Of one all beauty, and no strength.
It was his masterpiece of chaste design;
Of muted color, and pure line;
A miracle of which a craftsman might
Dream half a lifetime, day and night.

I think the potter prayed; he bowed his head;
"The thing is destiny," he said,
"For this that shatters, glorious bit by bit,
Was greater than my dream of it."

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Guitrys in Mozart

THE name of Guitry is one with which to conjure in Paris. There was a time when Sacha Guitry was known only as the son of his famous father, Lucien, but even before the latter's death, the Parisian public began to understand that his talent had passed on in direct line, altered and modified, but still living in its own right. No one, I imagine, would accuse Sacha Guitry of being a profound writer. There is in his work the mark of the Boulevardier, cleverness largely taking the place of depth of feeling, sentimentality often supplanting firmer sentiment. But to compensate for this, there are few writers for the French stage today with an equal gift for swift delicacy—a delicacy so disarming that one often forgets its extreme sophistication and cynicism.

Moreover, Guitry carries these qualities into his acting and directing. One might compare the standing of a Guitry production in Paris with, say, a Winthrop Ames revival of Gilbert and Sullivan in New York. One has the assurance in advance of distinction, smoothness, perfection of detail and lightness of handling. Guitry carries this combination of qualities even into a musical review, such as the one he staged in Paris shortly after the Armistice. And his wife, Yvonne Printemps, is an able ally. She is not a great actress, but she is undoubtedly a very fine one, with a sharp sense of high comedy and, when occasion demands, no little pathos. With these remarks as prelude, we come to the present New York appearance of the Guitrys in Mozart.

This play, or three-act episode, is from Guitry's own pen, with music by Reynaldo Hahn. It is not a very charming story, in spite of the verbal charm with which it is told. Briefly, it tells of Mozart's second visit to Paris as a young man, eager to conquer the city by his music, and equally eager to become initiated into the mysteries of illicit love. The picture of innocence determined on destroying itself is never a delectable picture except to the cynic. But to Guitry the theme is replete with comedy, and he makes the most of it in the approved mood of the Paris boulevards. No amount of spun sugar coating can conceal this essentially perverse theme.

Of the quality of the sugar coating, there can be no doubt. No American production has ever glistened with such perfection of detail. It has every attribute associated with the Guitrys—the external daintiness of a miniature, the wealth of glamour and illusion which only a most capable cynic can throw around a sordid subject. Here you have the artifice of the theatre raised to the nth degree. But unless one confuses ability to express with the truth or nobility of what is expressed, there is an absence of enriching art. No amount of French sauce can restore the youth of an ancient filet.

The Padre

ABOUT a year ago, in Paris, I saw a play known as Mon Curé Chez les Riches, by Andre de Lorde and Pierre Chaine. Recently, I saw the same play, adapted by Stanley Logan, in New York. As it is a play that will undoubtedly arouse much controversy, a comparison may prove interesting.

As to story: it relates the experiences of a country parish priest of France in his first contacts with the after-the-war profiteers. This good priest, Father Pellegrin, was a stretcher-bearer during the war, and from the camaraderie of the trenches, he has picked up a vigor of speech which gives a rough coating to the heart of a saint. He is the enemy of hypocrisy and sham, a human and humane character, lovable, abrupt, tender, or, when aroused, scathing. A profiteer seeking election bids for the priest's support. Father Pellegrin refuses, but happens to discover that the profiteer's wife is about to run away to Paris with a young parishioner. Father Pellegrin rushes after them hotfoot to try to save a scandal, is directed by a wag to the Abbaye restaurant, discovers his mistake too late and risks being disgraced himself in order to let the profiteer's wife escape unidentified.

The curé is then haled before his bishop, a man somewhat afflicted with worldliness, and is about to be punished when the cardinal intervenes. The cardinal is a man of much human and spiritual wisdom. He sees far beneath the surface roughness of the good curé, and restores him to his parish.

Now the reason for comparing the French and American productions is precisely that matter of audiences which plays so important a part in the theatre and is frequently forgotten. In a country of practically only one religion, such as France, this play offers few chances for misunderstanding. If the authors are rather severe and exaggerated with the worldly bishop, they are correspondingly sympathetic with the priest and the saintly cardinal. If ever a play rang with true Christian spirit and the homely virtues, this one does in many poignant and sincere scenes. At other times, the comedy runs rather raw. But with a French audience, there can be little doubt of the constructive influence of the play as a whole. The material is all familiar, the allusions understood, the apparent irreverences taken with a healthy grain of salt.

But what of an American audience? One doubts whether the comedy will be as well understood here. In fact, it is almost bound to give sharp offense to many, and to be mistaken by others for an indiscriminate attack on the higher clergy. The political activities and the spiritual blindness of the bishop will not ring true or pleasingly or be understood in their relation to complicated French politics. To the fine sincerity and simplicity of Father Pellegrin, no one can be blind. But a play is not all one character, and I am inclined to feel that the taking of this play out of its French setting was a mistake. Many of the critics have already questioned its good taste, directly or by implication, and the acting of the American company does little to improve the intention of the authors. Even Leo Carillo as Father Pellegrin does not play with the integrity of the man who took the part in Paris, and the bishop, in particular, suffers at the hands of John M. Kline, who plays him almost in a low comedy key. On the whole, The Padre in English and before a New York audience is an ill-advised adventure.

What Never Dies

IF the new year should sponsor an unprecedented rush to the marriage-license bureau, of elderly gentlemen holding willing, and even anxious young maidens, by the wrist, the over-worked clerk might be justified in presuming that the

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Belasco production of What Never Dies was exerting its influence. For according to its theme, the spirit of romance is a thing unfettered by encroaching years and grey hair—in fact, the author would have us believe that it not only never dies, but grows ever more youthful and spontaneous with the filtering of sand through the hour-glass.

Rightly, E. H. Sothern, always the figure of romance, has been cast to prove this, and to show that a certain sort of grandfather can make a more charming lover and husband than many an average youth. But for the peace of mind of the marriage-license clerk, we hasten to add that it would have to be a very special grandfather—with all teeth and hair intact. Mr. Sothern is this—in fact, he looks and seems younger by many years than in former New York performances. He has to—if only because of his stage-mother! Haidee Wright, who plays that rôle, puts so much fire into her lines that it would seem only plausible that such a mother should produce such a son. There is little use dwelling on her marvelous artistry in the part of the spirited great-grandmother, dominant ruling force in the lives of grandchildren and great grandchildren alike, for the critics have already burdened her with laurels—and the play-going public is likely to concede, en masse, that they are more than earned. Each enthusiast, perhaps, will find in her performance one thing more than another particularly fine—but the tones of her voice, charmingly blending the silvery quavering quality of age with the firmness of an unquenchable character and will, are likely to form the most tangible memory of her impersonation.

The story is European in its essence—a story of a family of two sons, a daughter-in-law, and some odd grandchildren, growing deeply concerned because "Grandpapa," who, since his widowerhood, has consistently refused to be dignified or to share family responsibilities, has escaped from the deadly atmosphere of a perfectly ordered Viennese household (upholstered in heavy foreboding velvet curtains) and flitted to Rome—whence rumor drifts that he has acquired a charming villa, and—what is worse to his family—an even more charming lady! Large expenditures and extravagances are reported, and a family council is called to bring Grandpapa back to the straight and narrow. Amusing situations follow—mother, sons, daughter-in-law, grandchildren, proceed to Rome in a body, to investigate; but they are forced to accept the situation when they discover the charming lady is really a charming wife (a fact heretofore concealed by Grandpapa) and that there is, moreover, a baby in the picture.

Miss Rosalinde Fuller, as the young and vivacious Italian noblewoman who is head-over-heels in love with her elderly husband, convinces with her appearance and charm, where she fails to do so at all times with her acting—and the curtain goes down, after minor complications, on a festively happy pair.

There is, about the play itself, so much of the farce-comedy, that one should not quarrel too much with certain bits of scarcely convincing psychology—for instance, the young wife remaining fervent and devoted in the face of the disclosure that her husband has concealed their marriage from his family through a sense of shame, and has lied to her about the ages of his sons. The settings by Joseph Wickes are delightful, and in the Roman scenes, full of enchantment.

Alexander Engel is the author of What Never Dies, and Ernest Boyd its translator into English. One feels that Mr. Boyd has adequately extracted all the humor from the really extremely clever lines of the original.

H. W.

BOOKS

Adventures in Catholicism, by Richard Ellison. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.25.

NATIONALISM is a current catchword among those who specialize in study of international relations. It applies essentially to a very real phenomenon which may be described as an acute self-consciousness among racial groups manifesting itself in a great variety of ways. To the extent that the word applies to international affairs and to domestic politics, the phenomenon it indicates is also observable in religion.

The Catholic Church is universal, and its very universality permits the growth and existence of a multitude of local customs, local manners, local group and racial manifestations and individual practices in religious expression.

When such practices, provincialisms or nationalisms are a part of the being of those who exhibit them and are thereby useful for the purposes of religion in that particular group of people, they are not objectionable; they are a proper part of the means by which religion works upon human nature. They become truly objectionable, however, when they repel those not of our faith, or when they are forced by some zealous group as an essential part of universal religion upon others of the same faith to whom they are inapplicable and who do not like them.

We Catholic Americans today are somewhat under the sway of customs and manners which pass in the rest of the world for our own, but which are not so in fact. They are American only by imposition. Many of these customs and manners, invigorated of late by this phenomenon of nationalism, have grown up under the exigencies of other times and other conditions, in other places; not as customs and manners ideally Catholic, but as a consequence of aberration from ideal Catholic life under the influence of persecution, of deprivation of all those rights which early Americans have claimed to be inherent in man and unalienable.

It is possible to claim for America that never before has there been offered anywhere such perfect opportunity for the free development of religion. Historians will probably admit that never before has the Catholic Church functioned in surroundings so nearly perfect.

Some of the customs, manners, nationalisms to which reference is made are alien to the spirit of America and are objectionable wherein they continue misunderstanding or engender repulsion among people not of our faith who are interested in it; who even, as is happening all about us today, long to look upon the Catholic religion as clearly all that it claims to be, the one sure hope in a disintegrating spiritual world. Most of the supposed or actual hostility against Catholics in America comes from misunderstanding or bitter disappointment—not in our religion or in what the Church claims, but in what it appears to be and appears to claim through our own actions. We do not realize this as we should, for we are not interested in what others think about religion. We are absorbed, not in American ideals, but in the new freedom into which we have been inducted; America did not exist before we came; the Catholic Church in America did not exist before we came; we have built great numbers of churches, therefore we have built the Church. In our attitude to all around us the ancient flavor of oppression clings to us in the midst of perfect liberty. We scent hostility where it does not exist and misinterpret its causes where it does exist; our intercourse with our neighbors in matters of religion is polemic, often harsh, and insomuch, not Catholic; too often we would seem to have

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a mistaken idea of the meaning of Church militant, as we have of "ecclesia docens." We do not realize that to what remains of Protestant America true religion is the major interest of the day, and that Protestants are examining with the keenest scrutiny, not dogma so much as the externals of the Church and our own understanding and practice of our own belief. So quick is resentment of "hostility" that even among ourselves discussion of these things is very nearly impossible unless one is possessed of a Siegfried's hide or an inexhaustible fund of good temper.

That has not always been so with us. Several generations ago, those Catholics who had survived the discomforts and actual disabilities of colonial days did understand and respect the Protestant mind. They had come through a struggle for political and religious principles, two things which more than any mold men's character. They were fully aware of what they possessed. They respected their fellow-citizens and were respected. The American church had begun to take a distinct character of a high order and was giving a generous proportion of noteworthy men and women to the Church general in religious life and lay activity. That has been forgotten in this era of easier transportation and material prosperity. This generation, in its greater numbers, has still to make its contribution, or miss its glorious opportunity.

Much needs to be said on this subject, by laymen, in the Catholic press, even at the risk of wounding over-sensitive nationalisms with which we are overlaid. It is being said. Richard Ellison, a soundly Catholic author (though he chooses to call himself a "hyphenate" Catholic) has taken up many of the points of practice and manners which repel Protestants and distress many more Catholics than we realize, on the solid ground that they are extraneous to the Faith, and that nothing in Catholic faith or practice should be repellent to honest souls. His book should bring forth sober thought.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Up from Methodism, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

I THINK it best to preserve the style and spirit of the book. In the holy town of Farmington, Missouri, life was very carefully chaperoned and guarded. This typical small town of the hinterland swarmed with men of God in Prince-Albert coats with a grim resolve to make "manly little fellows" out of the progeny of Evangelicals. Between family prayers and the singing to old metre of How Firm a Foundation! the eyes of Farmington's saints were glued to knot-holes. A "poison squad" of holy women spent their leisure hours in watching for sin and reporting to anxious parents, with the result that the woodsheds of the holy town resounded to the yelps of the little boys. These budding bishops and incipient preachers received double measure and then some, when they were caught behind the livery barn puffing away at the "symbol of sin." Why?

Mr. Asbury, well known to readers of the American Mercury and others since the Hatrack excitement of last spring, is already paying the penalty of one who, destined willy-nilly (as were the ten roosters out of a family of fourteen chicks) for the ministry, persists in going to the devil. And others are going to the devil with him; for, even in Farmington itself of late years, "flaming youth" flaunts its sin up and down Main Street and in front of the Methodist church! The Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Church had better turn its attention to the apostate, since he refuses for love or money to quit his squawking.

The faithful, when they are not deploring Asbury's dereliction, will assert that he is in the pay of the Pope and the Jesuits; but the problem now is—to stop him! He is out of their "celestial mouse-trap" with a whoop and a bang, and is running amuck through the length and breadth of "Nordic" America. Surviving the onslaught of the holy army last spring, he dares in this book to insert the Mercury thriller. The sinners, in consequence, rejoice; for copies of the Mercury for April have been selling for $20.00 each! Worst of all, Asbury says he is now an infidel and is blaming it on the Methodists. He has forfeited every claim to Methodistic consideration.

Scandals there have been ere now. In 1913, Evangelist L. W. Munhall exposed the clock-works. But that was a family quarrel and Munhall never quit the church. He was present at the next General Conference to battle for the Lord with the fundamentalists. When you send your fifty cents to E. and R. Munhall, Publishers, Germantown, Philadelphia, for a copy of Breakers! Methodism Adrift, do not mention it if you are a Catholic. But Asbury, descendant of the first Methodist bishop on American soil, darling of the preachers, pride of the brethren, and hope of his Sunday-school teacher, has gone wrong! And besides, in spite of the "thumbs down" turned by the Babbitts of business on all religious controversy, the Mercury writers have revived the religious polemic and are making America like it.

The book is funny—to all sinners and non-Evangelicals. It delivers an attack along the whole front of that Puritanism which one invariably finds associated with Evangelical Protestantism. Many are the taboos of the godly. The list is too long; but it is sufficient to say that the holy ones find no difficulty in recognizing sin when they see it. To quote Mr. Asbury, "the sins were invariably things from which they received no pleasure." Again, he complains: "Everything I wanted to do, everything that seemed to hold any promise of fun or excitement, was a sin." "Keeping company" was a gloomy affair in Farmington, for the God of vengeance lurked around every corner to spy on lovers. In the youthful mind He was usually identified with some preacher or member of the Ladies' Aid Society who had foot-and-mouth disease. To seek female society was to proclaim that you wished to marry the girl. If one accompanied a girl to evening services, he published the banns. And the girl's father, especially if he were a holy deacon, would "listen in" on the conversation of the couple, because he thought no young man could think of a girl save in terms of seduction.

Mr. Asbury is disgusted with all religion. He doesn't want to go to the Methodist heaven, of course; but no conceivable heaven has any appeal for him. Evidently he never reached bottom. He was irritated, but the central mystery of Puritanism yet eludes him. I shall not quote a Catholic writer. Instead I refer him to Mr. C. E. M. Joad, a Socialist, who, in his Thrasymachus; or the Future of Morals, says that "a civilization with its roots in the earth can allow its members to spread outward, like the branches of a tree; a civilization, whose seeds are planted in shallow soil, must hedge them about lest they be scattered by the wind. The first is centrifugal: it can tolerate individuality because it has a centre. The second is centripetal: it must enforce uniformity because it has none." Yes; Farmington's religion explains Farmington. But Farmington is not the only place on the map.

ROBERT R. HULL.

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Evolution and Religion in Education, by Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

Four Essentials of Education, by Thomas Jesse Jones. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

"OF THE making of books there is no end" is not the less true when we limit the scope of the saying to the literature of education. An avalanche of pedagogical works, many of them representing diverse and even opposing philosophies or systems, is released every year and meanwhile the hard-worked teachers and their pupils are regarded as fair prey for every enthusiast with a theory to try out or a new philosophy of life to put into practice. In the first of the volumes listed above, for example, the president of the American Museum of Natural History pleads, with the religious fervor of the "fundamentalists" whom he attacks, for the inclusion of definite evolutionary teaching in American education, while in the other book there is outlined a philosophy of education which would banish from our school curricula a large proportion of the "courses" which ornament school prospectuses.

With a great deal that is in Professor Osborn's book every reader of The Commonweal will be in agreement. That the illogical and spiritually timorous attitude of Protestant "fundamentalism" in this country must, in the long run, be harmful to the interests of religion, does not seem to be an exaggerated or very disputable thesis. The extreme literalism of the late William Jennings Bryan and his followers set up in the minds of too many of his countrymen a conviction that there is an impassable chasm between the basic verities of the Christian faith and the established findings of modern scientific research. A "faith" that can maintain its hold on men's minds and consciences only by asking them to keep up the defensive tactics of the ostrich for an indefinite period is not likely to hold the younger generation of educated Americans for very long. The real spiritual salvaging of harassed minds will be accomplished along such lines as those indicated in Canon Dorlodot's Darwinism and Catholic Thought. Incidentally, Catholic readers owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Osborn for the clearness with which he distinguishes our position from that of the Protestant "fundamentalists" and for the generosity with which he pays tribute to the palaeontological work of Catholic scientists, notably certain members of the French clergy.

As to the more directly practical aspect of Evolution and Religion in Education—its plea for evolutionary teaching in the schools—there is more room for difference of opinion. The point where established scientific data merge into hypothesis is still far too much a disputed territory for the various classes of believers and unbelievers to agree on a common program. One must confess, too, that Professor Osborn's particular synthesis lays him open to attack along sceptical lines. On what is his conviction of the infallibility of the Bible as a moral and religious guide ultimately based? Is it merely a personal choice or a new "categorical imperative"—the blind faith of "fundamentalism" in another dress? He does not tell us. Nor is his "creative evolution"—Bergson with, apparently, theistic modifications—much more satisfactory, for it leaves us just as far from arriving at a real ultimate in our religious philosophy.

Mr. Thomas Jesse Jones's little book is one of the best pieces of educational writing that has appeared for a very long time. Without wearisome polemic or the atmosphere of rather doctrinaire abstraction which seems to oppress one in reading so much writing on the subject, he remains a "realist" in the best sense of the word even while giving us a survey of the basis and the objectives of education as wide and philosophical as anyone could desire. A modern—and highly commendable—reaction against the rigid and often stereotyped methods of the old class of teachers has resulted in some cases in a science and an art of education that stress the value of the individual as such at the expense of his function as a member of organized society. The present author avoids this pitfall by emphasizing the importance of education as a preparation for life in the community. Moreover, his basic essentials are very real ones—with a strong insistence on the things that make for human happiness, and, therefore, broadly speaking, for nobler life.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

Marcabrun, by Ramon Guthrie. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

IF you cherish glad memories of The Forest Lovers, and Richard Yea-and-Nay, the opening paragraphs of Marcabrun may well trick you into a rash conclusion that here is a new Hewlett, in manner and in mood. The book has much of the Hewlett pattern, his love of gorgeous color, his gift of ramming into one swift, poignant phrase a haunting, unique portrait. But read on for a few more pages, and a doubt will spring and grow. The hand may be the hand of Hewett, but the voice is the voice of Ramon Guthrie—a new voice and a sincere one, with a carrying power likely to be heard afar.

The essential difference is not difficult to trace. Hewlett, we recall, was the author for whom the term "tapestry novel" was coined. He was primarily a weaver of word-wrought tapestries—an embroiderer of the golden phrase. His pictures have the ripple and sheen of soft, rich textures, with colors mellowed by the touch of time. Now, merely because a story is old, because it happened in the quattrocento or trecento, or earlier, it does not follow that it need be musty or faded or dim. There is nothing dim or remote or quaint about Boccaccio's joyous ribaldry, or Chaucer's merry pilgrimage; and likewise there is no touch of the faded or far away in Ramon Guthrie's story of a great rascal and a great singer.

Marcabrun is a twelfth-century tale of one of the first troubadours, whose sum of earthly goods was his arrogance, his gift of song, and his scorn of women—a scorn not wholly strange, since he owed to women the shame of a nameless birth, the sordid drama of his marriage, and the grim surprise of an untimely death. With a gay flare of color, Mr. Guthrie proceeds to fling before us the whole harlequin pageant of those hot-blooded, roistering days. At court and castle, on adventurous highway and in brawling tap-room, we meet a motley crew of blithe profligates, male and female; titled nobles; ladies fair and frail; braggarts and bullies; blasphemers; panderers and thieves. The picture verges upon a Rabelaisian frankness; it lacks nice reticence in fact and in phrase—and this lack is deliberate. Now and again some terse, blunt epithet leaps from the page like a hard-flung clod.

The author gains still sharper piquancy by contrast with the sheer physical loveliness of his background—those plains and uplands of old France, where the place-names sing themselves in a soft lilt of rhythmic syllables: Ventadour, Angoulême, and Campostella; Poitiers "clinging to its rock"; Lemozi, "dear Lemozi, with its rolling, intimate horizons." Small wonder that, gypsying along green byways and beside impromptu little brooks, even a prematurely cynical jongleur could be tricked into outbursts of exuberant boyishness such as that evidenced in the following:

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"The thickets are crackling with buds green and yellow,
Heigh, ho and a lark!
My bird, you are truly a sorry, glum fellow.
Heigh, ho to the lark!

For, after a winter with never a groat,
And nothing but water to swish in my throat,
Why, I'd crack all my ribs with one glorious note,
If I were a lark!"

There is many another verse that begs to be quoted, and many an episode over which it would be easy to linger.

The real undoing of Marcabrun was born of his love for Eleanor of Aquitaine, "in the year of our Lord, 1135, the most beautiful thing in the world." In one close-packed, brimming paragraph we view Queen Eleanor's whole life, phase by phase, from her heyday as light-hearted queen of France, "leading a crusade as though it were a carnival," to the last stage, when we see her old at Fontevrault, with "one weakling son still wabbling on a throne," her splendors and her treacheries forgotten.

To Eleanor, Marcabrun was a mere episode, already fading into the limbo of forgotten things, even while he vows to love her always. But to him her indifference is a monstrous thing; and later, when Maia, the little swineherd, comes to court and makes him a laughing-stock by demanding marriage, the fact that Eleanor, who could have saved him with a word, a gesture, looks on with detached amusement, constitutes the great betrayal that turns his love into an envenomed hate, which finds outlet in scurrilous, mordant verse, sharper and more far-reaching as his fame spreads—publicly shaming the Queen upon her wedding night, following up and thwarting her cherished plans, putting stop to a holy crusade, and in the end leaving the singer "with a dagger in his heart and a not-so-pleasant grin upon his face."

Ramon Guthrie knows when to stop; he does not waste his fuel. But one wishes he had been less chary with his translations of the old Provençal songs; for he has a rare trick for putting them into English, and the volume needs more of them.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

Miniatures of French History, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

EIGHTEEN years ago Mr. Belloc published a little book which is one of the best of the many that he has written. It was entitled The Eye-Witness, and its object was to present either actual historical events, or imaginary scenes which were yet in accordance with actual historical knowledge in the way that they would have struck a man who had beheld them with his own eyes. In this he succeeded admirably, and performed what Michelet declared to be the chief function of the vital historian: to effect a resurrection from the dead.

In Miniatures of French History, Mr. Belloc employs the method again. He has, of course, used it in many other books, notably in what is perhaps the greatest thing he ever wrote, his biography of Marie Antoinette. But there and elsewhere it was called upon—in fact it could only be called upon—at the most dramatic moments of the story. In The Eye-Witness and in Miniatures of French History, everything that is recorded can be set down as though it were beheld by a living observer. There can obviously be no discussion of motives, nor can there be any linking of the chain of events. What is aimed at is intensity and vividness.

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NUMBER THREE

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The new book, however, does not succeed so fully as did its predecessor. For one thing, a good deal of the best material available had already been used up; for another, the trick is not so fresh. But in addition it should be noted that Mr. Belloc rarely writes now with the balanced care that he displayed eighteen years ago.

Some of the best of the earlier pieces are Drouet's Ride; Valmy, the glimpse an American visitor—who did not know what he was seeing—had of Marie Antoinette being carried in the cart to the guillotine on October 16, 1793; and the marvelous little sketch entitled Thermidor. Mr. Belloc now takes us from the founding of Marseilles to the Battle of the Marne; but avoids altogether the Revolution. And that is a great loss. But he lets us look on at the Baptism of Clovis, at Roncesvalles; at the Capture of Jerusalem; at the Triumph of Saladin; at the death of Saint Louis; and at the Foundation of the Society of Jesus. These that have been mentioned are only a few of the scenes. Some are handled much better than others. One, The Conversation of the King, is hardly more than a series of quotations from Joinville—though it may be none the worse on that account. But Miniatures of French History contains many great moments and, as is always the case with Hilaire Belloc, much brilliant and noble writing.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

G. Stanley Hall: A Biography of a Mind, by Lorine Pruette. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

A biography of a mind must appear an ambitious undertaking. Perhaps it sounds less ambitious to those who like both the author and the subject, decline to acknowledge any distinction between the immaterial spirit that is mind and the material instrument, of amazingly complex yet purely physical and chemical matter, the body and brain through which mind works. To relate a series of chemical reactions can hardly seem quite so hopeless a task as to understand the perfectly simple and utterly unfathomable workings of the will which operates the physical-chemical machine.

But the title is too ambitious even when read by one of the school of materialistic thinkers who might take most interest in the mind study of a man so markedly at the front of modern pedagogy as G. Stanley Hall, whom many will regard as at least the American apostle of a science of teaching which is the application of the theory that mind is matter for analysis in physical and chemical laboratories.

The book itself is disappointing. Maybe it should be taken as a demonstration that our chemist-psychologists have done little more than invent some new words for things long understood by people who believed that an immaterial and immortal soul informs a material body to make it a human being, as closely related as the matter and form of every substance. Lorine Pruette gives us but a character study of a prominent figure. It fails, as every character study fails which tries to account for a man as a machine. It cannot be consistent with itself.

"There is a definiteness about words which inhibits the fullest expression," says the author, and sometimes impresses one as dodging the inhibiting definiteness with all the success of most vers libre. Hall is left sadly unanalyzed. The author is not sure what he was or what he did.

Yet the result is a better picture than might be expected. The happiest word applied to Stanley Hall is "playboy." In the end, one is ready to accept that as almost a definition of the man—a playboy who had a rigidly Puritan rearing to make him deadly serious about his play and to make his play deadly serious, a playboy whose intense mentality found amusement only in the more startling deductions he could make from scientific investigations he had no patience to complete, a playboy who rushed out to show his incompleted toy deductions so prematurely that he was obliged to reverse them with astonishing frequency. The biographer is too much an admirer to mention that playboys are invariably in love with the grandstand. She does tell us that his own school of scientists criticized him both for lack of close research and inconsistency of theory. But less sympathetic readers will see with pity the playboy sticking to his boasts as he goes over the last hurdle into eternity. And they may get from the volume the feeling that G. Stanley Hall was but a rather magnificent charlatan.

GEORGE M. A. CAIN.

The Literature of the Middle-Western Frontier, by Ralph Leslie Rusk. New York: Columbia University Press. $7.50.

A NEW edition of Professor Rusk's two-volume history of early middle-western literature leads to the remark that the accumulation of materials it presents is astonishing and almost unique. So little scholarly attention has been given to the growth and development of American culture that these books have, in their way, the charm of a pioneer adventure. The epoch dealt with extends backward from 1840; and though the "frontier" is nowhere definitely defined, it is taken to include the major towns of Ohio, Kentucky and several neighboring states. Within the area thus circumscribed, the author is perfectly at home. No important sources have been overlooked, and sometimes the probe of meticulous investigation brings genuine riches to the surface. Perhaps the best section deals with the beginnings of the theatre; but the chapter on newspapers and magazines is admirably complete and circumspect. You will find all the data of importance: Keats's connection with the Western Messenger; the effect of Mrs. Trollope's observations; the prowess of the M'Guffey readers; and numberless matters of the same kind.

Of course, Professor Rusk is a representative of the "deposit" school. The occurrence rather than the motive interests him. Getting facts down on paper, in becoming sequence, is his principal ambition. No one can deny it a place in the sum of human energies. Nevertheless, there does emerge from the array of information something like a perspective—a view of the American mind during years that were formative and consequently interesting. If it were possible to collect a series of "regional" histories equally reliable and complete, the panorama of the synthetic historian would be made vastly richer and more impressive than it now is. In itself the literature recorded by Professor Rusk may be qualified by a remark once made by a serious German student of Cornish reliques: "They are excellent material for my dissertation, but it is likely that some people might be bored if I mentioned them elsewhere." The interest really lies, not in the literature, but in the people who created it and in their civilization.

One regrets occasional lapses of the critical spirit which usually maintains these volumes at a very high level. I cannot help thinking, for instance, that Dr. Rusk adopted a little prematurely certain recent pronouncements about what Châteaubriand saw in America. More serious, however, is the scant attention paid to certain interesting deposits of Catholic records. It is, of course, not at all a question of fairness. Such references as are made to the Catholic population are always frank

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and appreciative. But one cannot help believing that the interest of the whole picture would have been increased, that details of importance could have been added, if the author had looked a little more deeply into the missionary aspects of his story. An excuse could, however, easily be formulated: the major Catholic archives are in such a condition that a student seeking to investigate them would be baffled at every turn. Even the very existence of much rich material is scarcely known. Clearly one endeavor of the future must be to rectify this condition.

Meanwhile Dr. Rusk's study can serve fruitfully as a model for the kind of serious investigation which can do much to clarify the traditions of American life, and equally much to sharpen the wits of native scholars.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Attributes of God, by Lewis Richard Farnell. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.25.

LEWIS FARNELL, the rector of Exeter College, and author of The Cults of the Greek States, ranks as a student of early Mediterranean religions with Cook, Frazer, Murray, and Jane Harrison. Anything from his pen is certain to be thoughtful and scholarly. The present work containing the substance of the Gifford Lectures delivered at St. Andrew's in 1924-25 is a chapter of comparative religion devoted specifically to a study of the attributes assigned to the deity in the various western religions. The author confines himself for the most part to the great historical religions which have attained the most definite conceptions of personal deity (Hellenism, Zarathustrianism, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity) although he devotes considerable attention to the monotheism of Ikhnaton in Egypt and to the worship of Shamash in Babylon. The religions of the Far East are eliminated from discussion, apparently on the ground that they tend to present impersonal conceptions of deities with confused and shifting attributes. Such limitation of viewpoint is certainly legitimate, and yet the work would be more satisfying if it contained some treatment of orientalism, if only by way of contrast.

The volume begins, after an introductory chapter outlining its method, with a discussion of the nature of religion in general, in which the author defends "anthropomorphism" as essential to the highest type and seeks the basis of religion, not in any utilitarian attitude, but in an intuitive soul-perception. He then proceeds to an interesting comparison between polytheism and monotheism in which he makes the point that polytheisms have been of anonymous origin whereas monotheisms have been based upon the teaching of individual leaders, Ikhnaton, Zarathustra, Moses and the Prophets, Mahomet. He traces the importance of tribal and national attributes in the Hellenic, Jewish, and Arabian conceptions of God, and their disappearance in the universal religion of Christianity. He finds striking resemblances among all the great religions in the moral and intellectual attributes of the deity—justice and mercy, wisdom, truth, and power. Finally, the book ends with a rather inconclusive chapter on the problems of theology connected with the attributes of eternity, immutability, creativeness, infinity, and omnipotence.

The author writes throughout from the standpoint of natural rather than of revealed religion, and can only be fairly criticized in that light. His work aims to be purely descriptive, scientific, and historical. Even so, he shows a somewhat exaggerated tenderness toward Hellenism—natural enough in one who has devoted many years to its special study—and, occasionally, a Protestant bias out of harmony with his general

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tacit tendency to identify Christianity with Catholicism. The book contains little that is new, but offers, on the whole, a fair summary of the results achieved in its field by the science, or so-called science of comparative religion.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

A History of Roumania: Land, People, Civilization, by N. Iorga; translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $4.00.

THE recent visit to the United States of that gracious royal literary lady, heralded in movie caption as "the most beautiful queen of Europe," lends appositeness to the appearance of A History of Roumania by a native historian. The author—a professor at the Paris Sorbonne as well as at the University of Bucharest—writes colorfully and con amore.

After the land and the racial origins of its peoples are placed—Mr. McCabe's translation reproduces that flowing, pellucid style in which French historical writers excel—come eight vivid narrative chapters. They follow the politically tangled trail of Roumanian history from Roman Dacia to the decadent eighteenth-century principality, with its puppet-princes of Wallachia and Roumelia dancing in the leading-strings of Turkish pashas and Austrian overlords.

The chapter which the author devotes to The Roumanian Renaissance, is a most interesting study of the development of a national consciousness in a small people sunk in political degradation and despair. The complete realization of national unity under Ferdinand I and the story of Roumania's part in twentieth-century political developments before, during, and after the world war form the concluding chapter, followed by a chronological table of ruling princes, a bibliography, and an index.

So far as its last chapter is concerned, the volume, quite naturally, is quasi-official; and reflects the viewpoint of those in authority. But then an unbiased outlook with regard to the historically contemporaneous, in view of the lack of a broader critical perspective, is not confined to the Balkan states. As an interesting narrative dramatization of his people's story, with special reference to literary and cultural, as well as political values, Professor Iorga's book has very genuine merits and in view of the various original Greek and Slavonic sources to which he has had access, an authority that is sensed for all, it is not ostentated.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

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BRIEFER MENTION

An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln, compiled and annotated by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

DR. STEPHENSON has added to the number of available lives of Lincoln a volume in which the story is related by the President himself. Excerpts from documents, letters and statements made in well-authenticated conversation, have been arranged in chronological order. The only comment invited by the book is that the compiler's work has been excellently done. His narrative is surprisingly consecutive, and the stark, affecting honesty of each word will suggest to every reader the comment that an excursive biographer would make. The book is, moreover, invaluable for purposes of reference. It is something to which young people ought to be sent—to which they could be sent, moreover, with perfect confidence that every word read would be an interesting lesson in nobility. If one cannot altogether agree with the publisher's announcement, "Go back to the real Lincoln: you will find him here," it is simply because a man so great needs to be seen through the veil of accumulated opinion and historical tradition. But Dr. Stephenson has arrayed so much exceptional literature—so much kindliness, insight, humanity, pathos—that he deserves to be termed the maker of an almost indispensable American book. Arranged as they are in this book, with a synthesis that goes much deeper than mere consecutives, the writings of the great President do actually compose a deep and moving autobiography.

Maxims of Christian Chivalry, by Kenelm Henry Digby; edited by Nicholas Dillon. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.25.

TO set forth an adequate definition of Christian chivalry was, perhaps, the chief purpose of Kenelm Digby's monumental and laborious writings. He was conscious, if ever a man was, of how much Europe had profited by the experience of the middle-ages. And though he saw that most of the people round about had forgotten the matter, or were indifferent to it, he labored away at his tremendous mosaic "so that God might have mercy on his soul." Father Dillon has prepared a little anthology of passages from The Broad Stone of Honour. There is a wealth of excellent maxim, of characteristic quotation. Even though it is not quite the Digby anthology one should like to have—that would necessarily include Mores Catholici, Compitum, and a great deal besides—the book has its place and should be found upon the shelves of every library.

Sails on the Horizon, by Charles J. Quirk. Boston: The Stratford Company. $1.00.

IN Sails on the Horizon, we encounter a sort of talent that is growing rare among modern poets—the genius for expressing in the four lines of a quatrain the thought and emotion of the writer. Charles J. Quirk shows a remarkable aptness for this form of art, inherited from the oriental poets of the Hafiz and Omar Khayyam schools, through the gnomic singers, the Celtic scribes, and the modern artists of France and England. It is an art requiring that clearness of thought so often disregarded in modern poetry, and a reserve in feeling and imagination that serves, not to retard but to give springing power to the fancy and the mind.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

"I wish," said Euphemia (née, Miss Brynmarian) "that they would stop picking on women."

"Poor pickings at best," admitted Britannicus.

"What's the complaint now?" inquired Dr. Angelicus.

"Well," replied Euphemia, "there seem to be several. Here is a despatch from Germany stating that a prominent psychiatrist, testifying as an expert at a recent trial, declared that a defendant could not be held responsible for killing two persons with an automobile, 'because she was a woman. Women,' he continued loftily, 'should not be allowed to drive automobiles.'"

"He was most certainly right," said Britannicus.

"I feel sure," remarked Euphemia, "that he was one of the very men who were only too glad to be driven about by girls in the motor corps during the war."

"War is hell," reminded Britannicus.

"Then let's have none of it here," hastily interposed Dr. Angelicus, as Euphemia made a lunge for the editorial scissors. "Let us, rather, take up, in dignified, amicable fashion, the discussion of these complaints against women. What is the next one?"

"It's even more ridiculous than the first," said Euphemia. "In an address to the Young Women's Christian Association, an inane speaker has urged women to begin to take themselves seriously!"

"But they do—that's just what's the matter with them," complained Britannicus.

"Of course they do—that's why they are the superior sex," corrected Euphemia.

"What else did the speaker say?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

"He continued," replied Euphemia, "in the following maudlin fashion: 'But it is a good omen that the world is beginning to take women more seriously from the neck up.'"

"That's because there's nothing left to take seriously from the neck down," commented Britannicus. "The kilt is always ridiculous, even on men."

"Oh, of course, you would digress into an attack on their clothing," sniffed Euphemia. "You male critics always have to resort to that. It's because, in the really important things, woman is above criticism. You're as bad as this colonel—a retired army officer in England, who, the paper says, has decided to try military methods in reforming women's dress."

"I think military methods of defense against it, would be more sensible," remarked Dr. Angelicus. "Tear bombs, for instance."

Euphemia ignored him as she referred again to her paper. "'The colonel,' she read, 'is in charge of the local church during the absence of the rector. His first act was to post a "parish order" on the church door: Young female persons have adopted a style of dress which is immodest and most objectionable. I order them to discontinue it when coming to church. I disapprove strongly of short skirts, bare necks, and bare arms, and I hope women will soon wear more to cover themselves.'"

"I admire his spirit, at least," commented Britannicus.

"But you men are so inconsistent," objected Euphemia. "If you would all only hold the same views, it might be easier for us. The British colonel wants women to wear 'more to cover themselves'; while an American Episcopal clergyman is quoted here as giving 'ten commandments' to women, one of

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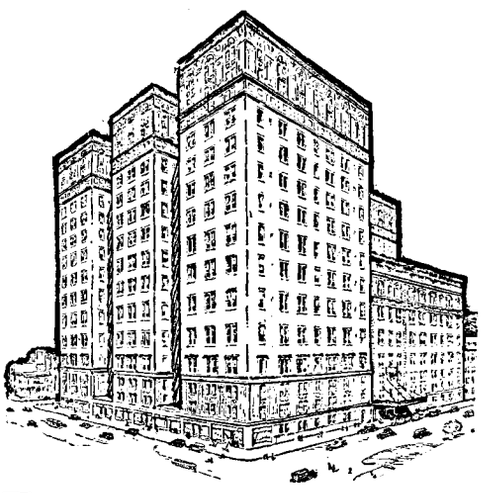

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which is: 'Thou shalt not give thy thoughts to dressing wholly.' Which advice are we to follow?"

"The clergyman's advice is meant well," explained Dr. Angelicus. "It's only his English that is at fault. What are his other commandments?"

"Very amusing," said Euphemia. "They read: 'Thou shalt not be jealous. Thou shalt not be pugnacious. Thou shalt attempt to live up to the ideals that have been dreamed for thee. Thou shalt not expect thy husband to be the cook or the dishwasher. Thou shalt be loving, and thou shalt have love.' Who would want it, under such conditions?" concluded Euphemia.

"He is quite right," maintained Britannicus. "What men really admire in women is that quality, expressed by the much-abused term, 'the clinging vine'."

"There's no use being a clinging vine in an age when there's nothing stable to cling to," remarked Euphemia acidly.

"Anyway," said Britannicus, yawning and rising, "I'm tired of all this discussion in the American papers about women. Much ado about nothing! And I'm tired of this New York winter. I wish I were a citizen of some far-off, sunny land—Italy, for instance."

"Oh, you do, do you?" asked Euphemia maliciously. "I think it would be an excellent thing for you if you went there."

"Why?" inquired Britannicus.

"Well," said Euphemia, again referring to her paper, "I see that Premier Mussolini's recent creation of a tax on bachelors between twenty-five and sixty-five, is causing a stir on the Italian matrimonial market. Within twenty-four hours of the announcement that male celibates would henceforth be obliged to pay an annual tribute for their single bliss, at least 100,000 bachelors, a majority of whom are beyond the first blush of youth, applied for brides.' I hope they were all turned down," concluded Euphemia spitefully.

"I'm glad you warned me against Italy," said Britannicus seriously. "I might have gone there. Italy has, anyway, too large a feminine population. I suppose the far-off, sunny land I'd really be happiest in, is northern Alaska."

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